

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 30, 1941

WHO'S WHO

JOHN LAFARGE did not believe that a brief visit to Slovenia made him an "authority" on that attractive country. But he does believe the visit enabled him better to appreciate now the bearings of the grim story contained in this first introduction for American readers to the revelations of a new and important document. . . . GABRIEL A. ZEMA is on the parish staff of St. Ignatius Church, New York City. As a young man he was active in the very same Italian mission whose origin and development he so interestingly describes. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY renews his study of recreational and moral conditions in the camps, with fresh suggestions as to a sound program and fresh warnings against a mistaken policy. . . . CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER, pseudonym for a distinguished and experienced Army officer, opens for arm-chair civilians another window upon mysteries of military maneuvers. . . . SISTER MARY CLARE is a School Sister of Notre Dame, with many years of writing and educational experience. She holds a degree of M.A. from the University of Notre Dame. She reveals here the truth about a little-considered threat to religious vocations. It is indeed a huge paradox that totalitarians, as did the Reformers, attack convents on the ground that they fail to populate the nation. Yet here at home convent life is menaced by the trend to smaller families, the result of an irreligious, materialist philosophy of life. . . . CHARLES A. BRADY, literature professor at Canisius College, Buffalo, adds his own expert point of view as to that elusive entity, the Catholic novel. His article continues our current series on this most interesting subject.

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COMMENT

AGAIN and again the Catholic student of the contemporary scene is challenged to discover the practical remedies to the evils which he feels obliged to denounce. Catholic preaching falls upon deaf ears, doors are flung open to subversive agitators, so long as no concrete exemplification is shown of those principles of justice and charity without which there can be no Christian social order. But these remedies cannot be discovered over night. We can best combat Hitler, it is said, if we set our own house in order. But to set the house in order means long, grinding toil. It means trial and error, a quota of failures and disappointments. Those who engage in such a task are frequently criticized for their concentration on economic problems, which appeal neither to the emotion nor the imagination. Yet those who criticize and discourage Catholic social action are sometimes the loudest in their denunciation of existing economic evils. Such critics can well learn from the example of the Catholic Central Verein. At the Verein's recent annual convention in New York City, speakers and resolutions assailed domination by the Federal Government to the detriment of individuals. But not in the past nor at present has the Central Verein been content with mere protests. In the last two or three years it has applied itself with special vigor to the study of practical remedies in the economic as well as in other phases of the social order. It stresses particularly the allotment of proper functions to vocational corporations, the individual, the state and society; and Government care for the preservation of the middle class.

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NO matter which side wins the war, observed the Bishop of Fargo, the Most Rev. Aloysius J. Muench, in the course of the Verein's discussion, we shall face a new social order. As a principal hope for the salvation of such a new social order, the Bishop named the cooperatives: consumer cooperatives, producers' cooperatives and the savings-and-loan cooperatives entitled the credit unions. Convincing proof as to the effectiveness with which the credit unions, safeguards from the all-devouring loan-sharks, could be organized in parishes was afforded by the delegates to the convention from Rochester and Syracuse, N. Y. After a brief four years of organization, the credit union of Holy Family parish, in Rochester (Rev. Joseph Gefell, Pastor), reported a membership of 650 persons, total loans to its members of \$183,322; total receipts of \$192,295; and no losses. Parish credit unions, said Judge Philip J. Donnelly of Rochester, who has already organized five of these, are essentially Christian institutions. Their motive power is not the desire to profit at the expense of another, but the Christian motives of mutual aid, of help for the needy.

THE Office of Production Management has just announced an important change in the policy governing Army and Navy purchasing agencies. Heretofore, the War and Navy departments were compelled, with few exceptions, to buy from the lowest bidder. As long as Army and Navy purchases constituted only a small part of national trade, the policy, based on sound business principles, worked well enough. Recently, however, it has led to a distressing situation, fraught with grave political and social consequences. Many small firms and plants, unable to compete with large corporations for Army and Navy contracts and, on account of priorities, unable to produce normally, have been shoved to the wall. Under the new policy, Army and Navy purchasing agencies are permitted to let contracts at prices as much as fifteen per cent above estimates to small factories situated in areas where non-defense shops are in danger of forced closing. It is hoped that this will spread the benefits of Government buying more widely and conserve our small, decentralized industry. If the new policy achieves these objectives, the added cost will be a cheap price to pay. In the long run it may even be beneficial economically.

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IF the Lend-Lease program fails to meet expectations, certain British business men can largely blame themselves. Since the bill was passed, British exports to Argentina have risen seventeen per cent. What makes this amazing situation still more exasperating is the fact that among the exports are such items as tinplate and certain steel and copper products of which there is a shortage here. Furthermore, an American company bidding on electrical equipment and unable, because of defense orders for Britain, to promise better than fifteen months delivery was underbid by a British competitor who promised immediate delivery. On top of these and a number of similar instances comes now the charge that British inefficiency is responsible for the oil shortage on the Atlantic coast. Mr. James A. Moffett, who handled the overseas supply of petroleum products for the Allied and American forces during the last war, recently charged that the British refusal to load oil at the nearest source of supply is the leading cause of Britain's shortage of tankers. Hence the necessity of diverting American tankers from the coastwise trade to supply Britain. The American people, remembering the last war, are sufficiently suspicious of British idealism as it is. To add more evidence of commercial pre-occupation, at such a time as this, is incredibly stupid. Those who support the Lend-Lease program in the hope that it will aid in driving the Nazi abomination from the face of the earth, together with the businessmen whose co-

operation is essential, have every reason to expect that Mr. Hopkins and his subordinates will do some straight talking to Lord Beaverbrook during the latter's stay in Washington. Certainly these business-as-usual people deserve to be exposed and suppressed.

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THE war debate went on. . . . Fight For Freedom, Inc., purchased newspaper space for warlike appeals by John Gunther, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Pierre Van Paassen, Jay Allen, Wythe Williams, John T. Whitaker, H. V. Kaltenborn, William L. Shirer, Douglas Miller. . . . Radio Station WIP, Philadelphia, announced it would broadcast the V-for-Victory symbol every hour in place of the regular time signal. . . . 131 University of Chicago faculty members opposed a negotiated peace, urged President Roosevelt to take appropriate naval action now, favored anything necessary to defeat Germany. . . . Major General John F. O'Ryan, former Ambassador Bullitt, delivered war speeches. . . . Senator Pepper demanded removal of the ban on sending selectees outside the Western Hemisphere. . . . Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, addressing the Knights of Columbus convention, pleaded for full aid to Soviet Russia. . . . Quoting a Lincoln letter of 1862 which said the people "have no idea that the war is to be carried on and put through by hard, tough fighting," President Roosevelt asserted there was a parallel between that time and the present, and expressed concern over the state of American public opinion today. He said the fight would go on through 1943 if necessary. . . . At an anti-Hitler, aid-Russia meeting in New York, sponsored by the Council of Democracy, Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts called for a world union. Among other speakers were Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who has been given a two-months' leave of absence from the Navy to speak on international affairs, and Governor Hurley of Connecticut. Urged to attend the meeting by the *Daily Worker*, Communists did so, distributed Communist literature to the audience. . . . Following the 203-202 service-extension vote in the House, Secretary Stimson broadcast to the men of the Army, declared there is danger of a German attack on South America. Secretary Hull supported the Stimson statement. . . . Herbert S. Agar, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, visiting England, urged the British people, in a radio broadcast, to abandon "the theory that America should never be told that Britain wants her in the war."

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ANTI-WAR tendencies manifested strength. . . . Eighty-three per cent of the people are opposed to another A.E.F., a Gallup poll revealed. . . . Communists are using the Nazi-Soviet war to gain the confidence of Americans; they have already tried to speak from church pulpits, the Church League of America declared. The League requested the Government to check the new wave of Red propaganda, asked clergymen to oppose any alliance with the Soviets that would lead to Red

indoctrination here. . . . Inquiring: "Are American boys singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' to do battle for Bloody Joe?", Father John O'Brien, of Notre Dame University, denounced any partnership with Russia. Senator Nye asserted the nation is being lulled by promises of peace, which are accompanied by acts leading to war. . . . Intimating that the eight-point statement they issued was not what they went to sea for, John T. Flynn, of the America First Committee, declared the American people want to know "what Churchill demanded and what Roosevelt promised." . . . The Chicago Admiral Benson Post, Catholic War Veterans, Inc., in a letter to President Roosevelt, condemned aid to Russia, stated it encourages Communists, helps them to fight Christianity here. . . . The American Legion, New York State, convention went on record as opposing aid to Communist Russia. . . . The United Automobile Workers, C.I.O., the Gold Star Mothers of New York State, voted against war entry. . . . Senator David I. Walsh charged the President exceeded his Constitutional powers in the Roosevelt-Churchill declaration. The Senator said: "Congress and the Constitutional concepts of representative Government have been brushed aside, and the President alone, and on his own initiative, has undertaken to pledge our Government, our nation, and the lives of 130,000,000 persons and their descendants for generations to come."

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GOD definitely created mosquitos. On summer nights when one of these delicate and fragile little devils launches his shrewd and malicious campaign against the first delicious approach of slumber—you often wonder why. Why was the ingenuity of creation wasted on engineering this perfectly equipped little winged monster, this flying barb, complete with the most tantalizing orchestration ever conceived? Its sole function, its only destiny is to plague and pester; to rob lush, moonlit nights of their mid-summer splendor, to shatter romance, to wage war on sleep, to attack, to stab, to leave the mildly poisonous mementos and flit away, while humans viciously bang their ears, slap their necks and bat their ankles. The first to leave Pandora's box was surely a mosquito, buzzing off to raise that multitudinous progeny which has sucked oceans of blood from kings and peasants and caused more universal discomfort and dismay than tiger, shark or cobra. When you grasp the *raison d'être* of a mosquito—you have solved the problem of evil. Undoubtedly their genesis followed the Fall. Their mission, which seems so vindictive, is undoubtedly salutary. Each sting, each itchy bite is a poignant reminder that here we have no resting place and mundane joys are never perfect. They are stern preachers, unpleasant preceptors, uncomfortable reminders. From gossamer wing to poisonous proboscis they are whining prophets fanatically intent on pointing out the fact that this is a vale of tears. Thorns on roses, nettles in the sea, mosquitos on summer nights—they seem to have a purpose after all.

THOUSANDS prayed on August 20 before the tomb, in Saint Peter's, of Pope Pius X, who died twenty-seven years ago. The statement of Church authorities is reported from Rome that the cause of his beatification is well begun. Ordinary inquiries into the dioceses in which he lived have been completed and the Congregation of Rites is said to have examined his writings. Postulator of the beatification is the Rev. Father Alberto Parenti, O.S.B.

MONTREAL for the first time in its history has seen a double consecration of Bishops. The Most Rev. Joseph Charbonneau, of Montreal, consecrated his two Auxiliary Bishops, the Most Rev. Conrad Chaumont and the Most Rev. Lawrence Whelan on the Feast of the Assumption. Bishop Whelan is the first English-speaking Auxiliary in the Archdiocese of Montreal. Like Archbishop Charbonneau and Bishop Chaumont he speaks French fluently.

BREADTH and solidity of Catholic social teaching were emphasized in the 86th Convention of the Catholic Central Verein recently held in New York. In his address at a luncheon meeting, the Most Rev. Thomas H. McLaughlin, S.T.D., Bishop of Paterson, exhorted the delegates to "develop in our fellowmen the spirit of the cooperation of God and the nature that God has given us and to develop the appreciation that human beings, left to their own devices and man-made religions, will never find the right road." A very strong plea was made by the Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., for the positive presentation of the beauty and charm of chastity. "We should," said Father Kirsch, "produce indisputable evidence that this virtue is indispensable to happiness."

YUGOSLAVIA still exists, according to the mind of the Holy See. According to the Rome correspondent of the *New York Times*, the incident provoked by the expulsion from Italy on July 28 of the Yugoslavian Minister to the Holy See is not closed and will not be allowed to close. The Holy See, moreover, has not yet recognized Croatia as an independent or a Catholic country and insists on the Vatican's right as a sovereign State and, in accordance with the Lateran Treaty, to have the diplomatic representatives who are accredited to her and whom it recognizes.

A TRIUMPH for the ACTU, Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, was scored at the recent UAW-CIO Convention in Buffalo when the ACTU, after a violent debate, carried its protest against the attempts by Communist leadership to seek candidates without proper credentials. In view of the charge made by George F. Addes, Secretary-Treasurer of the UAW-CIO, that the ACTU did not represent Catholicism in the Labor movement and was organized to create factionalism in the Union, the Most Rev. Edward Mooney, D.D., Archbishop of Detroit, authorized publication of the following statement:

The statement has been made that the ACTU does not represent Catholicism. Accurately speaking,

Catholicism is represented by the Catholic Church. The ACTU represents its members, and it definitely presents the Catholic doctrine on labor and labor unions. Should it not continue to do so, it would no longer fulfil its purpose.

This is another instance of the effectiveness of organized Catholic participation on sound Catholic principles in the Labor movement.

UNRELAXING is the care the Church exercises to make sure the Sacrament of Matrimony is preserved in all its perfection and validity. The Church insists on the duty of the parish clergy to make most careful investigations before declaring couples free to enter holy wedlock. An instruction relating to such investigations has just been issued by the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments. It suggests to the parish priests throughout the world all the cautions to be observed. Contracting parties are to be clearly aware of the pledges they contract and the manner in which they must make them and, on the other hand, rules are laid down as to how the parish priests themselves can ascertain that the consent which is given is entirely free, conscious and valid in every respect.

COMMON-SENSE views are coming to prevail with regard to the civic rights of parochial school children. In the State of Washington school districts are obliged to operate school buses to transport private and parochial as well as public-school children. In a recent opinion, Attorney-General Smith Troy stated that this statute is based on the fact that bus service is rendered to school children and not schools. Said the Attorney-General:

Children of this country have ever attended and still attend sectarian schools where they have ever received and still receive spiritual as well as secular instruction. Their religious training will be neither increased nor furthered because they come on public wheels rather than on private shoe leather.

According to the Attorney-General's ruling, in cases in which public buses are crowded to capacity with public school children, school districts are required to furnish additional equipment to accommodate parochial school pupils.

IN Denver, Colorado, Attorney-General Gail L. Ireland ruled that money left to a Roman Catholic priest or church for the purpose of saying Masses for the dead is not taxable under the Colorado inheritance-tax law. "Such bequests," said Mr. Ireland, "are in the nature of bequests for trust for a religious purpose rather than bequests to the executor as an individual."

HOPES that Russia will turn away from its "doctrinaire atheism" and recognize religion in the "democratic manner" were expressed at Bangor, Maine, by Rabbi Edward L. Israel, Executive Secretary of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. The Rabbi was commenting on the eight point peace program recently enunciated by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. He expressed regret that "Russian complications" may have prevented a "forthright declaration favoring religious freedom."

HOW HITLER TORTURES THE CHURCH IN SLOVENIA

JOHN LAFARGE

WITH some apprehension did I look forward to my first night in Slovenia. Being habitually apprehensive about strange countries and particularly a first night's lodging in them, I have not been cured by the fact that my experiences, such as they have been, were usually agreeable. But about how people lived in Slovenia I was somewhat vague. Most Americans, not of South Slav extraction, are vague about anything in Slovenia. Louis Adamic, of Croatian origin, could set you right, and so could others who are Croats, Serbs or Slovenes by descent. But many people even confuse—which is natural enough for the unsuspecting—Slovenes with the Slovaks, who are separated from the Slovenes by the mountains and plains of Austria and Hungary.

The book-knowledge I had quite clear in my mind, but this did not tell me just how people ate or slept in Ljubljana, Slovenia's ancient capital. At once I learned how they ate, for, a total stranger, I was immediately invited—at eleven p.m.—to partake of a generous Slovene ham, plus a variety of other fixings which reflected grace and wisdom in the kitchen. This prepared me agreeably for repose in the ultra-modern and fireproof house for laymen's Retreats, with Rules for Retreatants neatly posted—in the Slovene language, close kin to Croatian, further to Polish and Russian—on the wall of the bedroom. I could then pleasantly discover that these Rules were almost literally the same as those which I had laboriously composed for lay Retreatants in this country. The open window looked out on a magnificent old garden; some kind of bird warbled out there in the mild, crisp air and all was at peace in Slovenia. The simple impression of that evening unfolded into a rich and inspiring picture. Early next morning one of Slovenia's most beloved priests and scholars showed me the splendid new Saint Joseph's Church near the Retreat House. He explained from the heights of the castle above the old town's winding streets the mysteries of the canal which an ingenious Jesuit professor landscaped out of its former course.

All is not at peace there now. A very nasty state of things prevails, and what we learn of it cannot be ascribed to propaganda. An official report sent to the Holy See and to Mussolini by the Consulta established by the Italian Government in Italian-occupied Slovenia, has recently been brought to this country, by an unimpeachable eye-witness to some of the very scenes therein detailed.

The report covers the period from the invasion of Slovenia—as part of Yugoslavia—by Hitler on April 6 of this year, up to May 18. What is therein related is but the prelude for what we can infer to have happened since. Some matters concerning the Church in Slovenia were known in the United States in June, and were told in a Yugoslav broadcast from Station WRUL in Boston. The rest has not yet been made known to the American public.

It may be briefly described as hell for Catholics and Catholicism in Slovenia, a ninety-eight per cent Catholic country, a hell deliberately planned by Adolf Hitler, out of his diabolical hatred for Christ and His Church.

When, after the first World War, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes was formed, the Slovene part of the kingdom was made up of the provinces of Carniola or Krain (Slovenes are sometimes called Krainers or Greiners), Carinthia or Kärnten, and southern Styria or Steiermark (the northern part, which contained a few Slovenes, remained with Austria). There are two dioceses: Maribor (Marburg) or Lavant, and Ljubljana (Laibach).

According to the census of 1931, Slovenia had a population of 1,144,298, of whom 1,077,679 were registered as Slovene-speaking; 28,998 German-speaking, a proportion of 94.18 per cent to 2.53.

According to the German-language *Graz Tagespost* of May 1, 1941 (therefore after the invasion), the old Austrian census of 1910, when all southern Styria was completely in the hands of Austrian-German officials, placed the total population at 1,444,298, of whom only 105,300 spoke German, which was necessary since many Slovenes were dependent on German-speaking landlords.

In the European system, most minorities, religious or national, had and still have legitimate grievances, of a sort very difficult if not impossible for those of other nationalities to appraise. Skilful exploitation of these grievances, by powerful and designing governments, increases the difficulty of just appraisal beyond all reason. Reprisals give birth to grievances and new grievances which in turn engender new reprisals. Under Serbian rule Yugoslav minorities, Slovenes and Croats and Germans alike, suffered certain grievances, which, in turn, were exploited by Hitler.

Our concern, however, is not with the rights and wrongs of the minority question, but with the plain facts of what has happened and is now happening

to thousands of perfectly innocent persons in Slovenia, what is happening to the Church as *the Church*, under the elementary aspect of her spiritual and unworldly character. What follows is taken from the report.

In the very first days after their arrival on the Slovene territory, that is to say, from April 11, 1941 on, the Germans began to claim and seize the Slovenian Church property, real-estate and chattel property and to dissolve the Slovene Religious houses. This fate was experienced by the institutions of the Franciscan Fathers in Kamnik and Brezje (where the Franciscans had charge of the Slovenian National Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin), the monasteries of the Capuchin Fathers in Celje (seat of the Province) in Maribor, Ptuj and Skofjaloka; the convent of the Minor Conventuals in Ptuj; the residence of the Jesuits in Maribor; the establishments of the Vincentian Fathers in Celje and Groblje, near Domzale (with a well-equipped mission printing press). Religious houses of women experienced the same treatment.

As an example of the way the Germans behaved, and the dissolution of the Religious houses and the dispersion of their inmates, we instance the conduct of the German agencies on the occasion of their occupation of the Franciscan monastery in Maribor, and the Ursuline convent in Mekinje, near Kamnik.

On Low Sunday, April 20, of this year eight German agents and a woman walked into the refectory of the Franciscan monastery of Maribor. The leader of the group shouted to the Community, who were seated at their noon meal: "Eat quick and keep quiet." As soon as the meal was over all the Franciscans were placed in a line according to their size and the woman already mentioned obtained information about each of them. The three oldest Fathers were allowed to remain in the monastery. They were given two small rooms in the passageway in front of the entrance. These two small rooms were to serve them as work-rooms and as parish office. The others received from the German agents the order: "Each one take a blanket, a bowl, a spoon, double-quick march." Then they were led in formation to the barracks in Melje. Before this, all keys had been taken away from them. Immediately thereafter workmen came and began to remodel the monastery for purposes of the Germans. The three Fathers who had been left by the German agents in the little room in front of the entrance are completely dependent, as far as their support goes, on the generosity of the Faithful. The sadism of the German agents went so far that they were barred entrance to the toilet, so that the Fathers had to use the public toilet out on the street.

The German officials for the greater part left the execution of the persecution of the Slovenes to young, often not even twenty-year old, members of the SS and SA divisions and Gestapo formations. In house-searchings, arrests and seizures the attitude and conduct of these German agencies wherever they had anything to do with sacred objects and sacred places were brutally sacrilegious.

So, for instance, in the parish church in Kranj early on the ninth of May of this year occurred the following: The priest catechist Zuzek, who alone among the clergy of the city of Kranj had not been arrested up to this time, was celebrating Mass. At the Consecration, an officer of the Gestapo strode into the church with his cap on his head and a lighted cigarette in his mouth. He walked through the church and up before the altar with his revolver raised and threatened the priest. The Faithful assembled in the church hastily dispersed. The officer sat down then in the first pew and yelled away at the priest. The priest consumed the Blessed Sacrament and left the altar.

In Dob, near Domzale, the German agents broke into the Tabernacle of the local parish church, took out the ciborium with the Sacred Hosts and threw everything into a knapsack. In doing this the Consecrated Hosts were strewn upon the ground. In Prezganje the German agents took the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament out of the tabernacle of the parish church and locked it in the safe in the parish office. Reports come of similar improper treatment of the Blessed Sacrament in other places.

The treatment of the people arrested is very brutal. On account of the reign of terror which prevails in the Slovene regions occupied by the Germans their number cannot be given accurately outside of some seven groupings:

Maribor, over 2,000; Begunje (penal institute for women) over 500 (including 105 priests); Cilje, at least 500 (among these some fifty priests); Lasko, 61, etc. The prisoners must sleep on the bare floor, receive only scant nourishment, so that they beg with hands raised and plead for bread. They have to do severe, degrading work. For instance, on the public streets they have to haul field kitchens, straw and such, drag boxes through the city, sweep the streets, collect manure on the streets with their bare hands, in which occupation they are exposed to the mockery and derision of the rabble. In the prison they have to sweep the rooms, often clean the toilets with bare hands, and perform other such works. The works mentioned are chosen for the particular purpose of humiliating the victims before other people. Prisoners do not only suffer mentally, they are also physically tormented. The first victim of death among the Slovene prisoners was a Jesuit Father, Aloysius Zuzek, an old man of seventy-six years, victim of pneumonia from lying on the prison floor, who declared on his death bed, as actual witnesses relate, "They have beaten me."

In Begunje, near Lesce, over 500 Slovene prisoners were lodged in the penal institute for women at that place, of whom 105 were priests. The rest were respectable persons from other walks of life. Even these had to clean the latrines, carry the fecal matter out on the fields and perform such other works. By such labors and by the manner of their execution, the priests were to be humiliated and degraded to the utmost before the populace and their priestly vocation made to seem ridiculous and physically repulsive.

The prisoners in Slovenian Graz (a village) had to jump from step to step on the stairs in the dark of night with their hands bound. Every time anyone fell he received five blows.

The retired professor of religion, Rev. Anton Cestnik, in Celje, seventy-three years old, had to clean the steps before the barracks in Celje.

On the fifteenth of May the German police agents accompanied five priests on the train from Kranj to Ljubljana. Father Pecaric, parish priest in Dovje, was voluntarily accompanied by the local Mayor in order to help him carry his luggage, since the priest was weak and sickly. In St. Vid, near Ljubljana, the whole group was made to get out with the command "Priest-rabble, get out!" (*Das Pfaffengesindel heraus!*) Then the priests were publicly abused with further derisive words.

Before the clergy of the Ptuj district were shipped over the border to Croatia, the leader of the Gestapo spoke to the exiles: "You are Slovenes, we are Germans. We have no use for you, you have no use for us. We have come here with the firm intention to remain here. For this reason you have got to get out. If anyone undertakes to come back here he will be put in a concentration camp from which there is no escape, or he will be shot. Do not speak any evil of us. We are everywhere and we will find you everywhere." They were then loaded upon trucks and taken away to Croatia.

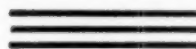
All priests were brought into the Kratky Inn where they were physically examined from three to half-past eight o'clock in the evening. Each one of them was brought into the little room where he had to undress even to his underclothes. Rev. Ocepek from Ovsise had to strip himself completely. They were shamelessly ridiculed and mocked.

What was the purpose of all this and much more that could be detailed? Gaurat Franz Steindl, appointed by a decree of May 10, 1941, as head of the Nazi organization, the *Steirischer Heimatbund*, in Slovenian Styria, declared that he had received from Hitler the command: "Make this country German again!" A series of similar pronouncements, with corresponding drastic actions as to schools, teachers, public officials, are completely in line with this announced policy.

But no amount of "Germanization" can account for the campaign of blasphemy, cruelty and sacrilege directed against the Church, her sacred institutions and consecrated men and women, against the Saviour Himself. Identical, even to small details, is the policy of inhuman degradation when the Nazi Government chooses to vent its wrath upon the Church. The reasons for such a choice are the property of Hitler alone: why, for instance, Slovakia or Croatia are temporarily left in peace while Poland and Slovenia experience the full fury of "Brown Bolshevism." The essential matter is that American Catholics become aware of what happens when such a choice is made, and realize that we have no guarantee whatsoever that it will not some day be directed against the Church in every European country, and in every part of the world over which Hitler has gained or shall gain power.

GOLDEN JUBILEE ON THE EAST SIDE

GABRIEL A. ZEMA, S.J.



THE current year marks fifty years of Jesuit work in lower New York. The long and eventful story of this work on the lower East Side began when the first Jesuit Mission for Italian immigrants was founded by Father Nicholas Russo in 1891.

Father Nicholas Russo, who had worked as an educator of note in Boston College, Georgetown and Holy Cross, came to take up this new work in the center of New York's Italian immigrant population, a section of the lower East Side extending from Broadway to First Avenue and from Seventh Street to Canal. Like the Apostles, he set out without scrip or purse, and began a brilliant missionary career that was to implant and quicken the Faith in hundreds of thousands of Italians for generations to come.

The section in which he worked no longer knew the elegant residences of the early fifties; nor was the Bowery any longer a series of farms and bowered mansions. This part of the lower East Side had long since acquired an international reputation for crime. Long before the immigrants came, undesirable elements had settled there.

It is clear that the conditions for starting a grand parish were far from enviable. But they were ideal for real pioneering. The Italian people had come from the poorest and most ignorant classes. They did not know a word of English. They came embittered and impoverished by a government that had oppressed them. The wonderfully good and pious poor were forced to live side by side with the groups of outlaws and anti-clericals admitted by the lax immigration laws of the period. They were accompanied by but few priests and they often met with an unfriendly reception by some American Catholics. Lastly, the Italian immigrant came naturally wedded to his national customs that were so different from our own. They were ignorant of our way of Church support and unfamiliar with the moral dangers of an American metropolis.

Father Russo and his companion Father Aloysius Romano rigged up a chapel in a vacated store. They themselves built an altar and two confessionals and having posted a shingle with the legend, *Missione Italiana Della Madonna Di Loretto*, welcomed a congregation of seventy parishioners on August 16, 1891. In less than a year the tiny chapel was too small. In five years fifty thousand confessions were recorded annually and over five thousand Communion were received each year. Several small houses were remodelled to provide a modest church and a residence. A parochial school was started in the basement of the church and soon moved into three other buildings which were made

over into a well appointed school. Societies and clubs for young and old were established.

By the turn of the century Father Russo had staffed his tiny residence with four assistants from the north and south of Italy and from South America. He had entered upon his work with a determination to give himself, body and soul, to the work and there can be no doubt that he shortened his life by his constant labor for his beloved Italian immigrants. He died a holy death at St. Vincent's Hospital on April 2, 1902.

Father William H. Walsh came to Elizabeth Street in July, 1903. His work was chiefly among the boys of the mission. The school soon was filled to capacity with seven hundred children. It was materially improved and a higher standard of studies was introduced. Character formation and individual training were a specialty with Father Walsh. Boys were trained to sing, and a group of them known as the "Loretto Boy Choristers" became famous. They sang in Carnegie Hall and when Cardinal Logue visited this country they were invited to sing for him. The young men produced an annual play and won high praise from well known dramatic critics. Their "Loretto Club" was not merely a social club but rather a literary group organized for self-improvement, moral, intellectual and social.

Next, a way had to be found to offset the intensive work of Protestant proselytizers and the dangerous atmosphere of the neighborhood during the summer. As far back as 1906, when camps for Catholic boys were practically unknown, Father Walsh began a summer work that strengthened the progress of the Jesuit mission. About four hundred boys enjoyed a two-weeks' vacation with good food, lodging and healthy sports. The vacation place, located at Monroe, N. Y., was called Seven Springs Summer Home, and it became truly a home, due to the fatherly kindness of the priests and masters, and the spirit of comradeship among the boys.

In 1916, the Mission of Our Lady of Loretto celebrated the silver jubilee of its foundation. Its activities had doubled in number, the number of souls in its care had increased tremendously. But this very growth presented a problem. The Mission, with an overflowing attendance at the Sunday Masses and with numbers east of Second Avenue, who could not be cared for, found itself seriously handicapped. Many local residents were moving into the Nativity parish on Second Avenue, founded in 1842 to care for Irish-Americans.

When the matter was brought to the attention of Cardinal Farley and his diocesan Council, it was decided to allow the Jesuits to administer Nativity parish and gradually give up to other hands the old Mission on Elizabeth Street.

Father Walsh was the first Jesuit pastor of Nativity Church and he took up his work there in 1917. A year later Monsignor Joseph Silipigni, a noted pulpit orator, became pastor of the parish of Our Lady of Loretto. This great priest built a beautiful school that was conducted for about ten years by the Pallotini nuns. This school has since

been merged with the neighboring St. Patrick's School under the capable Father Ercole Rossi, and the buildings put up at great cost were given over to social work among the men of the Bowery, with Father Conrad McCoy as administrator. The little Church will celebrate its golden jubilee this year. Father Giacomo Lassandro, successor to Monsignor Silipigni, is the present zealous pastor.

Settled in the administration of Nativity parish on Second Avenue, the Jesuits have done remarkable work since 1917. Not having a school, their chief assets were a fine parish organization and the work among the children of the public schools with the aid of the Barat Settlement and the Nativity Day Nursery. Father Patrick Quinnan, third Jesuit pastor of the Church, was appointed in 1921. A devoted friend of his parishioners, Father Quinnan made great efforts to build a suitable school, but the plan failed, due to extrinsic difficulties. His Day Nursery and the wonderful catechetical work it has done since 1921 are a monument to his foresight and to the zeal of the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, who conduct the various activities there.

Father Daniel J. Quinn, former Rector of Fordham University, spent two years as Nativity's pastor. His chief work was that of effectively continuing the practice of regular church support inaugurated by Father Walsh. In 1927 the first Jesuit product of the old Mission, Father Dominic Cirigliano, having served as assistant since 1918, became pastor. He was succeeded by Father Santo Catalano in 1933, and reappointed in 1937. Though poor in health, Father Santo Catalano did a substantial work in converting a dilapidated basement into an excellent lower chapel and parish hall. The present incumbent is Father Anthony DeMaria, who has in short time won his way into the hearts of the people, both old and young.

Since 1927 the progress and enthusiasm in the varied works of the parish have been due in no small measure to the spirit and the unselfishness of its fourth pastor, Father Dominic Cirigliano. He has interested himself chiefly in the children of the public schools and by his initiative, summer camps for boys and girls have become steadily more popular and there has been growth in the catechetical work among the children.

It is not a boast but the simple truth to say that the present pastor and his assistants are constantly at work in every field of endeavor that a very crowded, schoolless parish can carry. A large school, which because of the poverty of the people only an endowment can make permanently possible, is Nativity's ever present and greatest need.

As the Jesuits round out fifty years of unstinted labor on the lower East Side, they are grateful to God and to their ecclesiastical superiors for allowing them to devote themselves to a great work. They are gratefully conscious that the work of fifty years could not have been started nor progressed far without the financial aid of their many friends in and out of New York. May the work, some day crowned with a flourishing new school, continue and prosper *ad multos annos*.

ARMY REGULATIONS AND MORAL HEALTH

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

AGREEMENT with Billy Rose is about the last thing I ever thought would come into my life. Some weeks ago, however, Billy wrote to a friend in New York, and his extremely interesting letter was printed in one of the newspapers. After making a round of the military camps, Billy concluded that entertainment for the soldiers in the camps is something in which the Government is not particularly interested. Local "talent" has helped some camps, but in most of them the shows are hit-and-miss affairs which offend his professional sensibilities. He thinks that the Government might take a few millions out of the billions appropriated for our national defense, and use them to set up an office of Entertainment and Amusement.

Whatever his motives (and they need not be questioned) Mr. Rose is right. As Father Mears wrote in this Review (August 16, 1941) the young recruit finds himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, "on his own." He meets all kinds of men and he has many adjustments to make. To him the military training may be nothing but a monotonous grind, without purpose and, as far as he can see, without worthwhile results.

A life of that kind has unusual spiritual hazards, for the man is often tired, dispirited, even disgusted, and in those moments temptation to break down moral restraints can be very strong. Unfortunately, as Father Mears observes, he will meet many, either among his companions, or in the neighborhood of the camp, "to show him new and exciting ways of forgetting the tedium of Army life." But he may pay for one moment of weakness with years of bitterness.

From every viewpoint, then, it is worthwhile for the Government to lighten this tedium by providing the men with readily accessible means of healthful recreation. Those who have had the charge of boys at boarding school and at college know that games are a most valuable means of keeping up the morale of their charges. "I put them just below prayer and the Sacraments," a college administrator, who had spent nearly half a century with boys and young men, once said to me. The men in our camps do not differ much from college boys, especially in the first weeks, when they have not yet adapted themselves to their new environment. If at this time they can get some healthy form of amusement, whether it be baseball, handball, moving-pictures, vaudeville, or even poker, the temptation to turn to base forms of "amusement" will be considerably lessened.

But at this very moment, the recruit is presented with a booklet, published by the War Department, entitled *Sex Hygiene and Venereal Dis-*

ease. This booklet is considered so important that, by order of the Secretary of War, "a copy will be furnished each recruit upon enlistment." Unlike similar publications, it is not based on the theory that a man forewarned of evil will, almost automatically, avoid it. The purpose of the unknown author is to point out certain facts to the recruits, and in doing this he makes many excellent observations. While he does not hitch his wagon to a star, the level he adopts is wholly understandable, for his one purpose is to teach the men how to avoid disease, and to keep physically fit. They must avoid "liquors," and environments which they have reason to know are corrupt, lead a normal active life, "eat and sleep the right way, work hard, play hard, and have good friends." But:

The safest way to guard your health is to keep yourself under control. To have control you must develop a strong will power. Every person in this world finds that life is a big struggle. A struggle against the difficult things in the world. And a mighty struggle against the desires inside himself. It takes strong control to get along in this life.

But the effect of this excellent advice will certainly be minimized, when the recruit reads, in the same pamphlet:

If you do not have self-control, then do not fail to take safety measures. (p. 16). . . . Paragraph 3c, AR 40-235, requires that every soldier who exposes himself to infection shall use individual materials at the time to prevent venereal disease. For this purpose, post exchanges sell tested and approved prophylactic kits. The Army also provides a special treatment (prophylaxis) to be used for the prevention of venereal disease. (p. 12)

I understated my thought when I wrote that the above paragraph would minimize the effect of the good advice previously offered. For many it will simply sweep it all away. If recruits can engage in debauched courses, and escape disease, or, should disease be contracted, avoid all punishment by immediately reporting to the camp authorities, then the weaker among them, the very men who most need protection, will conclude that the Government has no real objection should they wish to consort with persons of debased morals. The one point that the Government considers of any importance is the avoidance of disease.

That will be the conclusion of these weaker recruits, and it is perfectly logical. But for many of them it will be a formal introduction to vicious courses which, quite conceivably, will later be carried over by them into civil life.

The Government's unfortunate attitude in this matter may reduce the incidence of venereal disease in the military camps. But I do not think it will improve the morale of these young men, and I very much fear that it will result in depraving the morals of some among them. And I do not believe that the Christian fathers and mothers of these boys will approve this method of dealing with physical disease at the expense of moral health.

But indignation will not change this Army regulation. If you think it should be changed, may I again ask that you put the request to your Senators, and to your Congressman?

MANEUVERS ARE PRACTICE TO MAKE THE ARMY PERFECT

CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER

NOWADAYS when we speak of "maneuvers" we mean the concentration of substantial bodies of troops for the practical application of battle tactics on a large scale. In 1935, 40,000 soldiers of the First Army were assembled at Pine Camp, New York, for this purpose. In 1940, there were 90,000 in the neighborhood of Canton, Ogdensburg and Potsdam. Deployed for battle they covered such vast reaches that it was utterly impossible for a single eye to see them all.

This very fact is what makes maneuvers necessary. In earlier times a general on a hilltop could oversee the battle array, watch the ebb and flow of success and reverse, with a "stroke of the eye" determine where to put in fresh troops to seize important ground. Nowadays, the general must transmit his orders through an extended and complicated "chain of command" and every person on that chain must be practised in instant interpretation, quick decision and positive ordering. In the higher echelons that is the main reason for large scale maneuvers.

Military art is after all relatively simple. The difficult things are two. First is the strength of character which surveys calculated risks and makes clear-cut decisions. The second difficulty lies in actually getting things done in the face of disaster, discouragement, fatigue, fear and sometimes even overconfidence and sloth. The art of war is primarily an art of execution. It cannot be practised in the imagination. It can only be practised under conditions as near to actuality as possible. That is the reason for maneuvers today, not to give a pretty show for the neighbors like the fancy "sham battles" of other days. There can be nothing pretty about a maneuver which you scarcely see. There is just a lot of grime and sweat and even dullness. But from these comes the practised skill that makes for efficiency.

If the American littoral were to be invaded, wild news would come suddenly up from a coastal State that the enemy had landed. Amid all the rumors it would be difficult to tell how numerous he was or indeed actually where he was. You would only know where he had been at the single moment when the news of his coming started toward you. Instantly you and your troops would have to move, without warning and without delay. You would move rapidly into an unknown situation, collecting information as you went along, collecting it finally from your first groping contacts with him, and

every "contact" not a mere interview, but a shooting matter.

Such a situation, at the end of May, was suddenly hurled upon the headquarters of the 44th Division of New York and New Jersey troops at Camp Dix. Many of their men were absent on furlough or on weekend leave. Military police in adjacent big cities collected them and hurried them back to their cantonments. On short notice they were into their trucks and away for Tidewater Virginia. Through the night they rolled over the highway leading South. In Virginia they made contact with "enemy" troops. They did not know exactly where they were, or how many of them. They had to find out. While they were finding out, the motorized regulars who represented the enemy harried their flanks, delayed their front, and threatened them no end. The General got his men down. Strong detachments struck back here and there. Reports noted where the enemy gave way, and where he held; they indicated distant flanks where there seemed to be no enemy. The General collected his information. He got his troops in hand; he hurled the main power of his Division at what he considered the enemy's most vital points. But he would not have been able to track them and pocket them and strike them a decisive blow, had he and his subordinates lacked the military qualities. By exercising those qualities in that maneuver, the officers improved their command of them.

The next time that Division moved South for maneuvers, all reports indicated that the movement was many times as efficiently done. Just because an order is shouted in the Army is no reason it will be promptly and perfectly executed. You cannot throw a man in the water and command "Swim" and have him swim. You cannot give a man a rifle and shout "Right Shoulder Arms" and expect him to execute it perfectly the first time. You cannot act that way in the field operations of an army either. Practice makes perfect.

Actually, the astounding efficiency of an army performing field maneuvers is all too little appreciated by the average civilian. A division comprises eighteen thousand men. To take that division from its temporary home, move it hundreds of miles, give it food and water on time, furnish it vehicles, gasoline and oil, see to the proper maintenance and repair of its weapons and its motors, keep it orderly, and know where every part is all the time, is a complicated task. Imagine taking the population

of a small city of that size, moving it bodily any distance, and having its inhabitants fresh and ready for a fight at the end. Imagine this, and then perhaps you can partially visualize the military task and understand the need for practice. Such were the maneuvers of last summer, when 90,000 men were moved into St. Lawrence County, utilizing only the existing roads and railroads.

It has sometimes been critically said that, however excellent the experience may be for the high commanders and their staff officers who must make the broad arrangements, peacetime maneuvers are of little value for the troops. It is argued that the soldiers and the lieutenants get a lot of dull and exhausting marching along country roads, a lot of waiting in the rain, and very little fighting. One might answer by saying that war is like that. Many a veteran of the Meuse-Argonne will testify that the major part of his life seemed to be tramping roads deep in mud, trying to sleep on soggy soil, and huddling under sparse cover.

Yet such an answer would not be a complete answer after all. In one particular only are maneuvers unreal: no one actually gets shot at by an enemy. When opposing forces get within shooting distance, umpires pop up, estimate the situation, give a decision, and require troop leaders to adopt proper tactics. Troops find out how strong the enemy is by having the umpires tell them, not by having a storm of blistering lead beat them to the ground. This is a fault which we cannot remedy unless we want to use "live" ammunition on maneuvers and have a lot of dead soldiers in peacetime. We cannot imitate the Prussian cavalryman who told his King: "If your Majesty worries over a few broken necks, you will not have the kind of cavalry you want." We must accept this single handicap of unreality.

Beyond that the maneuver may be made as real for all ranks as all wish to make it. Are they going to bunch up in little groups that would be perfect targets for hostile machine guns, just because they realize that those guns will not actually shoot them down? Are they going to march in masses down the road and just gaze skyward in curiosity when a plane comes over, or are they going to act as if that plane were a real enemy able to drop explosive death among their crowded columns, or able to report instantly their location so that distant artillery could send shells shrieking down upon them? I have been to maneuvers. I have seen soldiers and units who strolled around as if on a holiday picnic hike. I have also seen soldiers and units who "played the game" and got good practice and excellent habits from them. I vividly recall a long, loose-jointed soldier going down a city street where there was not even any simulated enemy; he was the leading "point" of an advance guard. He peeped around tree trunks, dodged dangerously from cover to cover, and acted generally as if he might be spotted and have to hear the "zing" of an enemy bullet any instant, and still must get ahead and do his job. It is an old story. The soldier who puts little or nothing into maneuvers gets little or nothing out of them. He is just going along for the ride.

He is probably physically and mentally lazy and will have to be shot at actually in war before he will be willing to begin to learn. And after the first shot it may be too late.

Most frequent criticism of modern maneuvers is directed at the shortage of weapons of certain types, the anti-tank guns, the heavy machine guns, the anti-aircraft guns, the infantry mortars that have to be represented by dummies made out of pieces of pipe or sticks of wood. This criticism is unjust. Actual weapons are not a real necessity in the teaching of battlefield tactics unless you are actually going to shoot. A dummy will do just as well. The modern German Army was trained on dummy artillery, dummy tanks, dummy weapons of all sorts. It treated them as if they were real, and with them learned the tactics that enabled it to overrun all France in the early summer.

A soldier needs an actual weapon to learn his technique and to practise his marksmanship. The Army today has enough weapons for that. At a firing center, as General Williams recently told a Senate Committee, several anti-aircraft regiments take turns moving in and handling all the various complicated pieces of equipment. Out of turns, they are learning other things, for there are many other skills for individual soldiers to acquire. The few anti-tank guns in a regiment may be passed around among the anti-tank gun sections so that every man does actually become thoroughly familiar with the weapon. When he goes on maneuver, his dummy gun is just as effective with the umpire and upon the "enemy" as if it were real. On maneuver it is tactics that counts, the behavior in the face of the enemy, the character of the orders given, the accuracy of the information obtained and sent back to the commanders.

Do not misunderstand me to say that the Army does not want weapons. Every soldier has a fierce pride of possession in the weapon which he has learned to use, whose accuracy and effectiveness he knows and is confident he can apply. But do believe me when I say that on maneuvers soldiers can learn their tactics just as well with dummies. If those in charge of the Army at large think it is better to send many weapons to Britain and to train our soldiers with dummies, that is a major political decision with which the true soldier will not quarrel. He will accept it and will learn his tactics just as well as the Germans did with substitute materials.

There is much to be learned on maneuvers by all ranks. The General and his staff will learn the practical collection and evaluation of information; others will learn the technique of distributing information and transmitting orders; others will learn how to direct army trucks without creating traffic jams; others will learn how to handle and divide rations so that soldiers will not go hungry; the soldiers will learn how to endure the hardships, the fatigues, the boredom of much of warfare, how to advance over dangerous ground, how to seek and face a foe, how to decide what to do in critical moments when instant action may spell the difference between success and failure.

OUR SMALLER FAMILIES MEAN SMALLER NOVITIATES

SISTER MARY CLARE, S.N.D.

SECULAR as well as Catholic magazines throughout the nation drew the attention of their readers to Father Garesché's recent analysis of the reasons given him by Religious Superiors for the smaller number of vocations to the Religious communities of women (AMERICA, April 5). While many reasons were adduced for the fact that fewer girls are becoming nuns, one looked in vain for any reference to the trend toward smaller families as a basic and very considerable factor in the problem of smaller novitiates.

The Superiors who supplied Father Garesché with the data for his article rightly stressed the influence on convent life in general of good Catholic homes, where a spirit of unselfishness reigns. Strangely, though, they did not, even by implication, carry their statement to its natural conclusion—the large family. For is not selfishness, the radical defect in fallen human nature, the prime reason for the small family, as well as for the childless home? Alejandro E. Bunge, the renowned Argentine economist, says that "selfish ambitions and desires for material comforts and trivial pleasures are to be blamed for the empty cradle," and with double significance can this same statement be applied to empty novitiates. Bishop Noll says that "the success of the birth-control movement must be attributed to the selfishness of people, to their unwillingness to discipline themselves, to make sacrifices. . . ." Is not the candidate for the Religious life checked for just these objectionable character traits and refused admittance on that basis? Economic conditions are partially responsible, as some hold, for depleted novitiates, just as they are partially responsible for the rapidly falling birthrate, but selfishness and love of ease and pleasure are generally conceded to be more vital factors in the decline.

Justice and charity demand that we hasten to modify all our statements with the observation that many childless couples are as heartbroken and as heart-hungry as were the childless Jewish couples one reads about in the Old Testament, and that many parents of only one or two children can have no more through no fault of their own. The souls of these good people are attuned to God's will but God has not willed to give them more children. As a compensation God often chooses to call worthy priests and nuns from the ranks of these small families.

The trend toward smaller families has definitely

affected Catholic families and therefore the number of prospective nuns. The fact that the rate of America's growth during the decade 1930-40 touched the lowest point in history gives little hope for a speedy easing of the situation. And so the American as well as the Catholic way of life is imperilled by the fanatics who seek to destroy the family. Both Church and nation suffer when the birthrate falls.

Instead of battling against the merchants of lust, many Catholic women have permitted the slow poison of indifference to devitalize their religious sense until they have succumbed and not only acquire bad habits themselves but try to maintain their self-respect in a Catholic neighborhood by assuming a holier-than-thou attitude toward the good people who refuse to do an attractive thing which is wrong. One little mother has had to take a belligerent attitude toward her friends and has had to seek frequent strengthening of her moral courage because she has dared to have even a third child when friends and neighbors, fellow-Catholics all, had decided that her health and her husband's financial standing indicated that two babies were all she had a right to have. Another woman, prominent in Catholic social circles, said of a neighbor who was preparing for the advent of her ninth child: "She is just like an animal. It is disgusting." She, of course, with her two pretty dears keeps quite stylishly aloof from such unreasonable and annoying neighbors. If this attitude is permitted to go on growing, its effects will be devastating.

Women in Catholic Spain and Cuba are, we are told, having to struggle mightily against an infiltration of this same virulent force which Bishop Noll says is a contributing cause to the spread of Communism in the more enlightened and prosperous nations which, he predicts, will soon be at the mercy of the fast-growing semi-civilized nations. Thus we can truly say that in the long run the forces of irreligion in the totalitarian states will be less destructive of convent life than the form which irreligion has taken in the United States during these latter years.

Perhaps the most paradoxical thing about the whole situation is that the names of those seeking to popularize contraception (now called "planned parenthood") is almost a Who's Who of Protestant ministers, Jewish rabbis, University presidents, social welfare and civic leaders. Connecticut alone expected to be able to enrol at least five hundred

clergymen to aid actively in the campaign to make birth control a legal institution within that State.

The editor of the *Catholic Mirror* draws our attention to the fact that

the same technique is being followed in this birth-control promotion that these commercial publicists used to turn millions of American women into cigarette smokers—for profit. They now see other millions ahead in contraceptives, a vast new business field. And morality, patriotism and common decency must not be permitted to interfere.

That there is profit in the movement is a foregone conclusion. Did not the exposé after the last world war show us how unconcerned munition makers were about which nation used their product, as long as they got the business? When men are out for profit they rarely count the cost in other people's lives or even the injury to their own nation's life.

Will our nation awaken in time to the fact that it has no greater enemy than the birth-control movement and that, as Richard Reid wrote recently, "fifth columnists could suggest no program more freighted with tragic possibilities to the nation"? The National Committee for Planned Parenthood, composed of 1,000 "leaders in American public life," is seeking to bring the U. S. Government to enforce the use of birth-control methods. Is it succeeding? One answers "Yes" to that question when one reads that a New Orleans Federal housing project covering a sixteen-block area, is said to limit residents in the project to families having no more than five children. If a sixth child is born, the family must move from the project when the child reaches the age of two, or be evicted. "God Bless America." Oh, yes.

We said above that the trend toward smaller families has definitely affected Catholic families and therefore the number of prospective nuns. To test the theory that there is a very definite relationship between the number of children in a family and the number of vocations to the Religious life, I walked through our community room and kitchen one day toward the end of the noon recreation and asked each Sister I met, whether Superior or cook, golden-jubilant or novice, how many children there were in her family. Forty-seven Sisters, one-third of the Sisters stationed here at the Motherhouse, were in my path that day. A systematic survey of the entire community would show, I believe, that I got a good cross section. Here are the results of the poll:

In the forty-seven families there was a total of 429 children, an average of nine to the family. One-fourth of the families had given more than one child to the Church: one family had two nuns and two priests, another had three nuns and one priest, another had six nuns and one priest, and so on. In all but one instance families which gave four or more to the Lord's work still had a large family left at home. There was but one who was an only child; 50 per cent of the families had ten or more children; two families had seventeen children, three had sixteen. Perhaps it is not out of place here to draw attention to a recent article in which Father Wilfred Hurley, the Paulist, states that in

a list of fifty famous men and women picked at random, 46 per cent came from families of ten or more children and 82 per cent from families of seven or more. The analogy of these statistics with those given above, is evident.

The lowering of the birthrate affects the nation and the Church in more ways than in depleting the novitiates of the Religious Orders. Educators and sociologists told the recent National Conference on Family Relations that the declining birthrate and trend toward smaller families is tending to make the children "exhibitionist and self-centered." Of course the absence of vocations from such a group will be better for the Religious communities in the long run.

One more point remains to be considered in this study of a major reason for fewer vocations to the Sisterhood. In their very laudable attempt to combat the forces of anti-life, the clergy, zealous Catholic laymen and women, and even the Sisters themselves are throwing all the emphasis on married life and motherhood as the greatest career for women. By implication this emphasis casts a slur on virginity, consecrated as well as unconsecrated. For instance, on Mother's Day this year a priest gave an apparently well-prepared sermon to a group of mothers and daughters in the convent chapel. In the first half of his sermon he developed the statement "Mary accepted motherhood as her career." In the second part of his sermon he expressed himself as heartily in agreement with a statement which he said was made by Kathleen Norris some years ago; namely, that the two greatest things that could happen to a young girl are the love of a good man and motherhood. The only reference the speaker made to the nuns, whose guests he and his congregation were, was to compliment the parents on their foresight in sending their daughters to a convent school. Not even remotely did he indicate that the mothers of those nuns were to be congratulated, he made no reference to the blessedness of large families, nor did he point out to the many young girls present that there is a possible spiritual interpretation of the two texts of his sermon. And so in his efforts to stress motherhood this worthy priest swung a bit too far, it seemed to some, in the opposite direction.

This tendency must be checked or the educational and charitable work of the Church will receive a crippling blow. The stressing of the glory of motherhood is necessary today, vitally so, but we should try to prevent in a very sane way the consequent weakening of reverence for the state of consecrated virginity. Theologians tell us that the stressing of one aspect of religion, even when that stressing is necessary, always tends to weaken the attention that may be called for by another aspect. Mothers are without any doubt more important than their nun-daughters but they are also very much more important because they have nun-daughters. The corollary of these self-evident facts is that more, not less, women should want to boast before Heaven and earth: "I am the mother of a nun."

THE FREE UNION

RUMORS of changes in the leadership of the A. F. of L. continue to circulate. The report was given definite expression by William H. Davis, chairman of the National Defense Mediation Board, in an interview published some weeks ago in Portland, Oregon. According to Mr. Davis, "it is common knowledge in Washington" that William Green will resign as president of the A. F. of L. at the convention to be held in Seattle next October. Linked with this "common knowledge," but not vouched for by Mr. Davis, is the report that President Murray, of the C.I.O., will soon be replaced by someone who has never been closely affiliated with the policies of John L. Lewis.

Whether these changes are meant to clear the ground for closer cooperation between the two labor organizations, or, possibly, even for their merger, is as yet a matter for speculation. We still think that, in spite of some mistakes, Mr. Murray can make himself as useful to the general public as to the unions, but it must in all candor be admitted that the President of the A. F. of L. has outlived his usefulness. We do not doubt Mr. Green's devotion to labor's interests, as he understands them, but what the A. F. of L. needs at this time is a policy that will put the ban on racketeers, and keep it there. In failing to adopt a vigorous policy, Mr. Green has overlooked a precious opportunity.

If Mr. Murray's resignation will bring the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. into closer harmony, we do not believe that it will be withheld. There is no reason why these organizations cannot work together. The present hostility, it has always seemed to us, is simply the result of conflict between ambitious leaders who are more anxious to keep their offices than to promote the welfare of the worker in the ranks. With these self-seeking leaders set aside, the hostility will die out.

In the days to come, organized labor will need all the strength it can muster. Gompers was right when he warned the A. F. of L. years ago against the dangers always inherent in political alliances and bargains. That warning is pertinent today. Disquieting indeed is the further rumor that when Messrs. Green and Murray are displaced, the two organizations will be merged, and headed by a politician now occupying a high position in the Federal Government. This gentleman, as far as can be ascertained, has never belonged to a union, for his pursuits would never have qualified him for membership, nor has he ever been notably energetic in his defense of organized labor. His experience, however, might fit him to be a sort of liaison officer between the unions and the Government, and along that line lies danger.

Favors from the Government must always be paid for at a high rate. A labor organization controlled by the Government is not a free organization, but an association that will work under pressure from political blocs. The worst enemy of the free labor union is not the capitalist, but, in our opinion, the bureaucrat.

EDITOR

SOCIAL COLLAPSE

THAT social welfare is one of the concerns of the civil authority is a proposition which all accept. Some of us accept it with a ready enthusiasm which is itself suspicious. We assent in a spirit of goodfellowship, even though we are not quite sure what the term means to us, or to those who use it.

That spirit, as the Archbishop of Chicago observed in an address last week in New York to the National Catholic Womens' Union, may be used to promote practices which destroy rather than promote social welfare. "There is a social-welfare state," said Archbishop Stritch, with agents whose plans and policies "reflect a philosophy of life which knows not God." "I have seen family budgets compiled by Federal employes," continued the Archbishop, "in which provision was made for every other need, except charity and religion."

Doubtless these employes have a ready answer. To critics, they would probably reply that charity and religion are outside their sphere, forgetting that, in Catholic eyes at least, that is the very head and font of their offending. Social welfare, as is obvious, must continually deal with social and domestic disorders which stem from violations of the law of God; in other words, from sin. It is not denied that methods which completely ignore God and religion, can supply a temporary alleviation of these ills, just as a shot from a hypodermic syringe relieves pain. But hypodermics do not cure, nor will the temporary alleviations applied by those social-welfare workers who put God and religion out of their reckoning. The whole world is suffering today, because rulers and politicians could find no place for God in the state, and no place for Him in the schools, the nurseries of the citizens of the future. To make matters worse, as the Archbishop pointed out, these schools often teach standards and practices which, under the guise of social welfare, make for social collapse.

There is no human activity from which God and His law can be safely excluded. Until the world recognizes that truth, and acts in accordance with it, man's hands will be raised against his brother, and we shall go farther along the road that leads swiftly and inevitably to social collapse.

SOVIET FIREFIGHTERS

IN this world of averages and compromise, we are often obliged to submit to policies which we do not consider the best, or even good. Realizing that opposition might produce more harm than good, we submit, and hold our peace.

But even as we submit, we must keep a firm grip on our standards and convictions. To agree that a compromise is either just or wise, or that the average is an ideal, is destructive of our intellectual and, often, of our moral integrity.

We seem now committed to the policy of an all-out aid to the Soviet Republics. We submit to this, because we must. But no one is obliged to admit that this policy pleases him, and still less that it is ideally perfect.

Nor are we obliged to accept the reasoning embodied in the speech on aid to Russia which a high official of this Government recently delivered before a large Catholic gathering. "With a fire raging in the neighborhood, which threatens to take your house," said this official, "you aren't too much concerned with the religion or the politics of those who join in the effort to put it down."

The parallel is far from perfect. When the fundamental principle of the religion and politics "of those who join in the effort to put" the fire down, is to set neighborhoods on fire, in the hope that the conflagration will destroy the whole city, our concern ought to be very deep. It ought to be deep enough to take the practical form of calling in the police.

The chief business of the Soviet Republics has been to set neighborhoods on fire. We may be obliged to deal with them to the extent of supplying them, from this arsenal of the democracies, with fighting-planes, ships, guns and food. To do that is the purpose, it would seem, of those in authority. But in building this line of supply, it is necessary to clear the ground of plotting Communists in the United States. The aim is to defeat Hitler, and that is good. In pursuing this aim, however, it would be fatal to permit the growth of Communist doctrine, and the creation of Communist cells, in our own country.

In the meantime, let us hold to our conviction that Governments are subject to the moral law. We can excuse errors, but we cannot condone apostasy from that truth.

DISARMAMENT

OF the eight points discussed by the President and Prime Minister Churchill, the most significant and, in our judgment, the most hopeful for the future of a world that is very dark, is the last. As we wrote last week, "With the hope for universal peace expressed in the statement, a world made heart-sick by the butchery now entering its third bloody year, is in agreement." If support for the policy set forth in the eighth point can be secured from all Governments, the liberties and the economic reforms of which mention is made in this document, will be lifted above the possibility of successful attack.

The conviction of the President and of Mr. Churchill that "nations which threaten, or may threaten, aggression outside their frontiers" must be disarmed, is clearly stated. But this disarmament is but the first step, "pending the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security," and the ultimate goal is the establishment of world conditions "which will lighten for peace-loving nations the crushing burden of armaments."

Here we have the world-economy for which Benedict XV pleaded without avail, and which his successor, Pius XI, preached to a world that would not listen. It is a plan for world-government that is familiar to those peace-loving Americans, in private station and in public life, who began to form peace societies immediately after the First World War. Still clear in the minds of many of us is the Resolution which Senator Borah offered in December, 1920, and again in the following January, calling upon the Government to suspend all naval construction projects for a period of six months. A hostile Senate shelved the Resolution, only to see it brought up again by Senator Borah as an amendment to the naval appropriations bill. Borah's persistence won out, and only a few days before the inauguration of President Harding, the Senate called upon the President to convoke an international conference to discuss disarmament. President Harding agreed, and on November 12, 1921, representatives from Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and a number of smaller nations, opened the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armament.

By this time, Congress, as well as the President, was committed whole-heartedly to the purposes of the Conference, and not for reasons of benevolence alone. It appeared that the Conference might offer a way out of the necessity of engaging in the race for larger armaments, with the consequent necessity of levying new and higher taxes. As for the country, the only discordant voices were those which were lifted by the sellers of steel, and other war-materials.

Hopes ran high. The frightful aftermath of war had affected every country in the world, and the people were clamoring for the adoption of a policy that would lead to the establishment of peace on a lasting basis. What was meant to be the key-note

for the Conference was struck by the President in an address of moving eloquence at the dedication of the monument to the "Unknown Soldier" on the previous day. As Briand, Balfour, Viviani and the other delegates sat listening, the President said:

Here in the United States, we are but freshly turned from the burial of an unknown American soldier, when a nation sorrowed while paying him tribute. Whether it was spoken or not, a hundred million of our people were summarizing the inexcusable causes, the incalculable cost, the unspeakable sacrifices, and the unutterable sorrows; and there was the ever-impelling question: "How can humanity justify, or God forgive?" Human hate demands no such toll; ambition and greed must be denied it. If misunderstanding must take the blame, then let us banish it.

With an eloquence hardly less appealing, the President addressed the delegates on the following morning at the formal opening of the Conference. Unfortunately, the Conference which began in a glow of good feeling and, apparently, of conciliation, was suddenly chilled. The austere Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, rose to speak, and within half an hour the Conference was really at an end. The only way to disarm, said the forthright Secretary, is to disarm.

The chill grew when in press-conferences, the Secretary restated his position in even stronger tones. Within a few days, it had become evident that public opinion in the United States supported the Secretary enthusiastically.

Thereafter, the Conference talked for twelve weeks, and ended with the lovers of peace and the builders of larger armaments, alike under the impression that their views had prevailed. "Naval competition was ended," wrote Mark Sullivan, in a happy mood, "a naval holiday was ordained, and offensive naval warfare was made impossible." Even then Balfour and Lord Beatty, who had attended the Conference, were on their way back to build four new copies of H. M. S. *Hood*. The delegates from France and Japan, withdrawn shortly before the end of the Conference, were already in their respective countries, speeding up larger armaments.

What happened in the next decade, the whole world knows. The race for armaments was on, and we were in it.

Yet the high hopes entertained just twenty years ago have not been utterly beaten down. Good men still hope, and saints still pray, for the dawning of the day which "will lighten for peace-loving nations the crushing burden of armaments." The burden is heavy, for it brings the poor of every country nearer to starvation, and still heavier because it is the price men must pay for killing men whom they do not know, and do not hate.

May God grant that the policy expressed in the eighth point of the statement issued by the President and the Prime Minister, be adopted in all sincerity by these Governments, and supported with unbroken consistency. Then we may hope that "the inexcusable causes, the incalculable cost, the unspeakable sacrifice, and the unutterable sorrows" of war may be forever banished in our day from the earth.

THE GRATEFUL HEART

IN his wonderful Letter, Saint James tells us how to conduct ourselves when we are sad, and when we are in good spirits. "Is any one of you sad?" he asks. "Let him pray." But if anyone is in good spirits, then, "Let him sing a hymn."

Now this advice, since it comes from the Holy Spirit Himself, is perfect. But often we do not feel strong enough to follow it. We keep on brooding, and by magnifying our troubles, real or imaginary, make them worse. We should do far better by sitting down to write out a list of afflictions that have never befallen us. We have lost some money, it is true, but we are not poverty-stricken, like the Smiths who lately went on relief. We are not so vigorous in health as we were twenty years ago, but, then, we are not losing our sight, like poor Matilda Jones, nor are we crippled, like poor old Jim Robinson, who now must be pushed around in a wheel-chair. As we go on, we shall find an incredible number of trials which we have been spared, and by that time we ought to be ready to fall in with Saint James' advice, and breathe a prayer of gratitude to God for all the good things He has given us.

Gratitude to God, as we learn from the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xvii, 11-19) is not the most outstanding trait in the lives of most men and women. In His goodness, Our Lord cured ten men of a dreadful disease, leprosy, and only one returned to thank Him. All of them were insistent in crying out: "Jesus, master, have pity on us!" but after Our Lord had bestowed upon them His loving pity, they went away without even a word of gratitude. The one exception, a Samaritan, came back "with a loud voice glorifying God," and reaching Jesus, "fell on his face, giving thanks." It must have been a noisy and exciting scene, but we know from the Gospel narrative how much it pleased the Heart of Jesus, "ever grateful and full of goodness."

We would find it hard to believe that this man ever indulged in self-pity as the years went on. We cannot picture him complaining about his meals, or his headaches, or the high cost of living, or about the scars that may have been left, as sometimes happens at Lourdes, after Our Lord healed him. Remembering the terrible state in which he had come to Jesus, and Our Lord's goodness, it is reasonable to suppose that he went through life with a grateful heart.

When we begin to realize how good Our Lord has been to us, we too shall go through life with a grateful heart. From God we have our creation in His image, our redemption, our sanctification. He has given us a heart with which to love Him and our brethren, and He has bestowed upon us unnumbered, and too often unnoted, benefits in the order of nature and of grace. It may be too that more than once He cleansed us from the leprosy of mortal sin. For all this we can make Him no worthy return, but we can, as the Church invites us in the Sacrifice of the Mass, daily "give thanks to the Lord, our God."

CORRESPONDENCE

EXPERT ADVICE

EDITOR: Your editorial comment (August 2) on General Marshall's proposal concerning the possible sending of American troops outside the Western Hemisphere closes with this appeal to the reader: "If you do not agree with General Marshall, tell your Congressman and Senator, and above all tell the President."

Now, I am a reader of your excellent review and this appeal is therefore addressed to me as well as to a great many other persons whose ignorance of this highly important matter must come close to matching mine. Do you really think we are competent to agree or disagree with General Marshall? I can only speak for myself when I say that I at any rate am not competent, and that wise citizenship at this moment calls for an intelligent deference to the views of those who are charged with the responsibility for guarding the safety of the Republic.

This editorial will have, I fear, the effect of promoting the already alarming practice of mass-pressure groups trying to force the hand of Congress: a practice that arises from a dangerous misconception of the nature of representative government and can be positively destructive of representative government—as every student of Montesquieu, Burke and the fathers of the Constitution knows very well. And in this particular case the matter is still worse, for it is an effort to mobilize uninformed, sentimental opinion against the strategic judgment of the head of the Army.

I think it very deplorable that AMERICA has made this appeal.

Rye, N. Y.

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN

LETTERS TO CONGRESS

EDITOR: Some of the Catholic papers are encouraging the hobby of "write your Senators" to influence the passage of certain legislation. This letter-writing pastime is opposed to our present system of government. Our elected representatives receive their powers through the Constitution. From that same document they learn the plans and purposes of our nation.

As the Founding Fathers viewed it, our Government was solidly established not on opinion or political theory but on the well-reasoned resolutions and will of the people embodied in the Constitution. The letter writers seek to substitute a letter for the Constitution, public opinion and popular frenzy for national will and well-reasoned plans.

Perhaps our elected legislators and executives do show a disregard for the Constitution. No doubt they do keep an ear to the ground to learn the wishes of their constituents. It is undeniable that they have wrought a revolutionary change in our

system of government insofar as they rule according to the "mandate of the people" as manifested in current public opinion rather than according to the will of the people expressed in the Constitution. All this is true, but why encourage this silent revolution and bloodless overthrow of our original American system? Why must we acquiesce in the change by our insistence on the power of public opinion and by further efforts to mold it and make it the guide of our nation's life and activity?

Edwardsville, Ill.

A. B. S.

PEACE PRAYER

EDITOR: Persons wishing to enrol in the Union of Prayer for Peace are requested to address The Secretary, 1909 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. The office has been changed from Detroit, Mich., by the transfer of the undersigned to the pastorate of St. Pius Church, Chicago. For membership in the Union all that is required is the name of the person, and a promise to recite daily some prayers for peace among the nations of the world. All members share in a monthly Mass. The sole commitment of the member is spiritual. Literature may be had upon request.

Chicago, Ill.

REV. EDWARD L. HUGHES, O.P.

FIRST UNIVERSITY

EDITOR: Do you not know that St. Louis University is unquestionably the oldest legally recognized Catholic University in the United States? Observe that the word is oldest *university*, not oldest school, oldest institution of higher Catholic education, or oldest college, but oldest university. St. Louis University's record is herewith submitted as supplementary to the letter (AMERICA, July 26) that carried the above heading.

St. Louis was first (a) by legal title and (b) in reality.

By Legal Title. The legislature of the State of Missouri on December 8 (blessed day!), 1832, voted favorably on an Act that granted St. Louis College the style and title "St. Louis University." The Governor signed the Act and it was engrossed in Missouri's Laws on December 28, 1832. From that date through the intervening 109 years, the seal and every catalog and every official document of this school has carried conspicuously this title "St. Louis University." Years passed before any other Catholic institution in the United States placed the word *university* on its seal, its catalogs or its official documents. Even Harvard clung to the word *College* until 1864, Yale until 1887, and Columbia until 1912. Georgetown, about this later period, threw away College and became Georgetown University in name as she had been, through

many years, in fact. Clearly St. Louis University was first in name.

In Reality. Here is the catalog of St. Louis University for the year 1845. Turn the pages, and one after another the announcements appear of a School of Divinity, a School of Medicine, a School of Law, and a College of Arts and Sciences; the four faculties that traditionally constitute a complete university. No other Catholic institution in the United States was offering at that early date any courses save such as might be given in the seminaries, large and small.

In reality, then, St. Louis is our oldest Catholic University. Georgetown, which is probably second, added to her seminary or college courses: those in medicine, only after Father Peter Verhaegen, the former President of St. Louis University, now as Provincial of the eastern Jesuits, had been a frequent visitor of Georgetown, discoursing no doubt with enthusiasm to the officers there on the successes of his old western school.

You were happy in heading the letter of July 26, "First" rather than "Oldest" University. St. Louis is oldest; perhaps that is no great item. She is also first in other more important matters than seniority, but she knows there are many firsts in other of our Catholic universities. Full of ardor to equal or surpass even all of these, her rivalry will ever be generous.

St. Louis, Mo.

HISTORIAN

IN CAMP

EDITOR: I look forward so to the weekly receipt of AMERICA. What a joy it is to be afforded the advantage of its floodlit thinking amid the shadowy confusion that is all around us. Down here, especially in camp, it is such a treasure. Your issue of August 2 arrived today and your lead editorial, "Hitler in Georgia," should be plastered all over the country. No matter how much we hear about the Negro in the South, a "Yankee" is startled when he comes here and views the situation firsthand. . . .

Ft. Benning, Ga.

NORTHERNER

COMMUNISM

EDITOR: In your issue of August 2, was an article by John E. Kelly, which placed him in a category with a certain group, some of them sincere, but most of them rank demagogues, who profess to believe we are in great danger of Communism in this country. Now we all know that Communism can only find a foothold in a country where a majority of the people are deprived of the necessities of life as they were in Russia; and if our country, with all its wealth of natural resources, with its ability by mass production to supply many times our needs, cannot, or will not, formulate an economic system which will enable every able-bodied man to supply himself and his dependents with the comforts of life, then the best that we deserve is Communism.

St. Louis, Mo.

ORVILLE SPAULDING

BEST SELLERS

EDITOR: For the past several months Mr. Eugene P. Willging, Editor of the *Catholic Library World*, has been sending out from the University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa., a semi-monthly review of modern literature, called *Best Sellers*. This invaluable series of book-reviews is priced at two dollars per year, and one dollar for subscribers to the *Catholic Library World*. I am sure that many of your readers will be interested to know of this intelligent service.

Boston, Mass.

F. X. D.

ANALOGY

EDITOR: May I offer a little sequel to Hilda Marlin's letter (AMERICA, August 2)?

She writes: "I wonder what you would do, as a Catholic, if a Presbyterian were attacked by a non-Conformist robber? Would you say: 'I can not fight for Protestantism,' and walk carelessly past?"

It is evident that both questions are rhetorical, for your correspondent knows well what you would do. And your aid, enjoined by the law of charity, would have no bearing upon the matter of Protestantism. The analogical method of reasoning, as our mentors so often insisted, may readily prove of very slight carrying power.

The triumph of Russia, meanwhile, means its exaltation and further entrenchment at home and in the outside world, with all that that entrenchment means to theism and hence to ethics. The Holy Father has pointed the way. Catholics may do nothing to further the cause of Communism.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDWARD I. FENLON

GALLERY OF AUTHORS

EDITOR: For the spirited and magnificent article, at too long last, on Sister Mary Joseph and her Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, AMERICA *go bragh* and Miss Neale *abu*. I am not too far out on the road to speak perhaps; but of my individual self I hail Sister Mary Joseph as the greatest single force for Catholic action in Catholic literature that there is today. Nor am I forgetful of the magnificent and too little recognized work that Sterns Cunningham is doing as executive secretary of the Catholic Book Club, and has done over a period of years.

However, those of us especially who are still but a short distance on the high road of our purpose may most truly hail Sister Mary Joseph. Her warmly enthusiastic and encouraging recognition of our efforts has brought us under the mantle it has been given her to spread—that of Our Lady of Catholic Letters, whose disciple she is.

Her work has been too long without her efforts being presented to the Catholic reading public. May Miss Neale's article help to make possible the physical being of Sister Mary Joseph's Gallery. But without marble or granite, she has built already in the hearts of us writing folk an edifice that reaches from earth to God.

New York, N. Y.

DORAN HURLEY

LITERATURE AND ARTS

CATHOLIC FICTION: 2. LIFTING FOG?

CHARLES A. BRADY

NIBS have been blunted and quills frayed for quite some time now over the problem of the Catholic novel, or, to be precise, over the question of why Catholics do not write good novels. Like most controversies of the sort this too has been singularly barren. The real point at issue was never touched upon for the reason, I suppose, that it may have sounded too insulting to the literary members of the creed concerned.

For the actual crux of the matter is not why Catholics *do not* write good novels, but why Catholics *cannot* write good novels. One must, of course, hasten to qualify so sweeping a statement. Catholics can and do write good historical novels, good local color novels and good fictional *tours de force*, but from Richardson's *Pamela* in the eighteenth century down to Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* in the fourth decade of the twentieth, it has been a metaphysical, esthetic and historical impossibility for anyone to write a great Catholic novel in the central tradition of the form as we know it in the major Victorians and Tolstoy. Now that the fifth decade of this woful lustrum has dawned, all indications are that things may be different and that the very factors which inhibited the Catholic novelist may now facilitate his task.

Kipling once created a manlike ourang-outang of whom Hans Breitmann used to say: "You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos." The reverse was true of the Catholic novelist over the past two centuries; his *Weltanschauung* was too concentrated and his interest in the essential stuff of the novel, personality and character, correspondingly too weak. But, to paraphrase the old Irish revolutionary slogan, what was our extremity has become our opportunity; now that the Western mind has surfeited itself on four hundred years of unmitigated ego, it may be ready, once again, to consider the tidy Cosmos of Catholicism, of Chaucer and Dante, yes, and that *anima naturaliter Christiana*, Vergil, and that Renaissance casket of the Catholic spirit, Shakespeare, who found his framework of reference is inevitably Catholic as, today, the most convinced Catholic finds his framework of reference ineluctably Protestant. It is just about time for Catholics to answer the plaintive personal in the *Saturday Review of Literature's* Agony Column: "Wanted: a *Weltanschauung* for the Novel."

It is well to remember the nature of the novel as a literary form and as distinguished from other forms of fictional narrative. Literature generically is a criticism of life, but the novel is a more immediate criticism, almost a reflex of the vivid, huddled hurly-burly of contemporaneity. The writer of epic may be allowed his long-range synthesis; the novelist's patella keeps on jerking after every tap of the little silver hammer of the immediate. The dramatist is granted his artistic license to do what he will in the way of pattern and idea and metaphysical quirk; we will yield no such privilege to the novelist; he must be fettered with the tyrannous gyves of immediate fact.

Therefore, since the writer of novels must mirror mainly, and may not impose his own order on the atomic chaos of the present, he must needs record, since this is a secular age, *mores* and mind-sets and attitudes that are utterly at variance with his religious ideals, supposing, of course, he is sensitive enough even to sense the difference, as many times the most fervent church-going Catholic, including many pastors, are not. The last Catholic novelistic synthesis of life in English literature was Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* in the fourteenth century, when no other *Weltanschauung* was even conceivably possible.

There have been ways out, to be sure, during the past two centuries, for those writers who chose to return to a Catholic age, as Madame Undset did in *Kristin Lavransdatter*, and for the *tour de force* artists, like G. K. C. and R. H. Benson, or the local colorists, such as Henry Harland and Doran Hurley. But they all, especially the latter, intone their responses in little side chapels of the novelistic basilica, and do not belong to the central Latin rite. Or, to vary the metaphor, they feel too uneasy in the heretical bourgeois edifice reared by the non-sacramental hands of the Bedford tinker, Whig dissenter, and eighteenth-century Tory Justice that were Bunyan, Defoe and Fielding.

Now I am not suggesting that we have not had *Weltanschauungen ad nauseam* in the novel, since the day of Victor Hugo's mighty *Les Misérables*. Of course we have had—a Satan's plenty—but until the day of the *Forsyte Saga's* completion, at least, these cosmic aspects remained subservient to the proper function of the novel, the creation of

character. But the leveling down and centralizing tendencies of the time we live in are not confined to social, political and economic spheres alone; they find their counterpart on the literary plane as well, and the individual personality of Dickens and Thackeray become, first, the family of Galsworthy, then the city of Dos Passos, and now the age of Upton Sinclair, on the stage of whose panoramic novels, *World's End* and *Between Two Worlds*, protagonists are mere supernumeraries, extras in the drab drama of materialistic circumstance, cast by the deadly director Herr Zeitgeist.

This happened in a way—in a much nobler way, to be sure—to the epic in the Augustan age, when a more mature and self-conscious civilization found the sturdy brigandages of Homer's *Iliad* no longer *à propos*, and the sensitive mind of Vergil made of the more primitive Homeric criticism of individual destiny a magnificent synthesis of the soul of a people, a civilization, and an imperial idea. But the Vergilian synthesis had a delicate poise and assurance which the contemporary Marxian diagnoses of Sinclair have not, and which the Catholic mind, as the heir of classic antiquity, is peculiarly well constituted to exhibit, and which it has often exhibited in the historical and philosophical writing of a Belloc, or a Hollis, or a Maritain.

I am the first to lament the parlous fact that the novel has abdicated its old sovereign role of creation of character, and will be the first to hail its triumphant restoration. But it is important to keep in mind the reason for this abdication: the novel, as a reflex, no longer mirrors personality for the simple reason that personality has disintegrated under the corrosive Industrialism and Liberalism of the past one hundred and fifty years. If, in what one hopes will be a brief interregnum, the novel of criticism discharges its lesser but indispensable function, the way may well be paved for a rapid reenthronement.

It might be instructive to look at Mr. Upton Sinclair's method in the first two volumes of what promises to be a panoramic trilogy spanning Europe and America from 1913 to 1941. Mr. H. G. Wells has termed the first volume, *World's End*, "a great and well-balanced design. . . . I think it the most competent and the most faithful picture of that period that has been done, or is likely to be done." The dust-jacket blurb for *Between Two Worlds*, the second volume, is more fulsome, and incidentally, it tips the gaff as to the reason for Mr. Sinclair's popularity with—not the proletariat; it reads the *Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu* and such newspaper fiction as *Paid Companion: Working Girl Chaperons Heiress*—but with the modern equivalent of those eighteenth century Parisian *mesdames* who entertained the Encyclopedists in their *salons*. (I have in mind one charming little lady who lives in a Brookline Apartment and who invariably prefaces her circulating library commissions to me with this engaging stipulation: "Bring me a good book about nice rich people.") But here is the blurb:

The book is so rich in action and varied scene that a mere catalogue of its contents reads like a novel-

ist's lifetime repertoire. It includes six full-length love stories; four weddings and two separations; two murders and one near-hanging. The scenes include a Riviera villa, a German Schloss, three French chateaux and an imitation one on Long Island; three yacht cruises and many visits to Paris, London, Berlin, Munich, Geneva, Genoa, Rome and Leningrad.

That is a recipe not new to fiction. Mr. Sinclair's method may be a vulgarization of Hugo's social philosophy and Zola's uncompromising savagery, but his spiritual bourne is the hot-house luxury of Ouida's brunette countesses and wasp-waisted guardsmen of such ineffable names as Vivian Sabretasche. Poor erring, haughty, kindly, Beauty Budd might have stepped straight from the pages of *Moths* or *The Waters of Edera*. He has other dodges, too—more masculine ones—but their sum total tots up to a mere *Tom Swift in Moscow* or *The Rover Boys and the Communist Manifesto*. The whole gallimaufry results in an interesting exemplification of Berdyaev's remarks on the Bourgeois Mind. Like most of his fellow Leftist writers, Mr. Sinclair is no foe of Mammon; he shows none of the hatred of wealth as wealth exhibited by such Catholic radicals as Belloc or Saint Thomas More.

Well, if Mr. Sinclair's synthesis is faulty on many counts, not the least of which is his incredible atrophy of sensibility, and if the work of the Frenchmen, Du Gard and Romain, though brilliant, remains one-sided, is there any *Weltanschauung* among present day fictioneers that one may dignify with the august title of universal or Catholic? In the field of the panoramic novel, none as yet, though Mr. Erik von Kühnelt-Leddihn has made a doughty attempt. He has the requisite experience and spiritual insight: in *The Gates of Hell* there are, for example, conversation pieces on Communism, Catholicism and Judaism as good as anything in Shaw or Huxley or Romain, even if without their brilliance; but, unfortunately, his narrative technique seems inadequate for the heavy load it must carry. One might wish that he would play for Graham Greene the role Paul deKruif played for Sinclair Lewis in the production of the latter's *Arrowsmith*.

Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* is a solitary albatross among the clumsy gulls of contemporary satirists; it stands high, perhaps highest, among the honorable successors of *Utopia* and *Gulliver's Travels*. The apocalyptic approach of imaginative allegory has not been neglected, either. Here, Robert Hugh Benson's *Lord of the World* and Chesterton's *Ball and the Cross* are especially noteworthy. But allegory is not the proper province of the novel so much as of the poem and the drama, and one remembers with approval the opinion of that great Renaissance scholar and merry Dean of St. Paul's, Thomas More's good friend, John Colet, that there is such a thing as plain statement and that not all of Christ's words are a string of riddles.

It is time for Catholic writers to cease playing the part of Autolycuses, "snappers up of unconsidered trifles," and convert the pinchbeck wares of their peddlers' packs into bright, jingling, minted coin of the realm.

BOOKS

A BAND OF BRAVES WHO RIVALED XENOPHON

THE LAST FRONTIER. By Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50

THIS is a book about the last of the first real Americans. It is a thrilling story of the wild West but by no means is it a wild-West thriller. There is nothing stereotyped or funny about it. From start to finish it is thoroughly serious fiction based on an amazing incident which happened about sixty years ago. With one exception the characters are historically real.

In the late summer of 1878, an old Cheyenne chief, Dull Knife, decided to break the bondage which held his dwindling tribe captive in the hot and arid wastelands of their Oklahoman reservation. Northward toward their ancient home in the bountiful Black Hills of Wyoming, twelve hundred miles away, Dull Knife led his people in a desperate attempt to save them from the havoc of starvation and disease. It was a valiant but hopeless break for freedom. Swiftly ten thousand well-equipped and provisioned soldiers converged to trap them and herd them back to their miserable captivity. For four bitter months a hundred Cheyenne braves, hampered by the presence of their sick and hungry women and children, out-witted and out-fought their superior foe only to yield at last to the fury of freezing snow.

Mr. Fast prepared the material for his absorbing story not only by delving into the dusty records of the event but by retracing the tortuous trail traversed by the Cheyennes. In the presentation of it he rides with the hounds rather than the hares. From this point of vision he is able to offer sharply drawn pictures of the troops struggling to hold contact with their slippery prey, and when he does so the very page perspires. In many respects he has made the incredible achievement of his Cheyenne heroes merit comparison with the far more famous march of Xenophon and his ten thousand men.

MICHAEL J. HARDING

THE "PLUNDERBUND" DESCENDS ON FRANCE

FRANCE ON BERLIN TIME. By Thomas Kernan. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.75

THE world thought it had seen the ultimate in *Gründlichkeit* when reports came through of the amazingly detailed preparation of the German Army. But that was only a foretaste. In this book we learn of the thoroughness with which Germany planned the occupation of France. It is an amazing picture, and a grim one.

Written by an American businessman who remained in Paris more than six months after the armistice, the book is a convincing and thorough survey of the Nazi occupation of France. The Nazis planned that occupation long ahead: they knew what they wanted to do to France, and just how they wanted to do it. Decrees and blueprints were drawn up far in advance of the Army's victorious sweep, and in its wake followed a host of commissars, managers, officials of all sorts.

Every phase of French life is now under Nazi control: the press and the movies, finance and business, industry, labor, agriculture, social ideals. Above all, France is being bled of her wealth, by printing-press marks, by occupation charges, by "paid" expropriation and requisitioning.

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tion. And it is all being very cleverly done according to legal form.

Done in a concise style, with no excess verbiage, the book is a definite, well-planned review of facts, rather than a vague chronicle of personal experience and opinion. The author is judicial in his comment, and the whole tone of the book is objective and free from personal animus. There is a brief analysis of the status of the Church, and a discerning discussion of the importance of the family and the part played in France's downfall by an ebbing morality. The final chapter is a thoughtful appeal to America to compare itself with France in order to learn what may be learned.

It is with no desire to belittle the book that we mention a few minor inaccuracies: *Sacré Coeur* in Paris was dedicated as a symbol of something much more sublime than the liberation of France from Germany; the doctrine of the family wage is surely not the exclusive property of Socialism.

CHARLES GARVIN

HOPES, FEARS THAT FUEL THE NAZI MACHINE

PATTERN OF CONQUEST. By Joseph C. Harsch. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THE emotion-ridden confusion which characterizes the world today is faithfully reflected in our book-marts. Prophecy and panacea enjoy a growing popularity; factual accounts yield to sensational "revelations." Written in the fine foreign-news tradition of the *Christian Science Monitor*, this book is a vivid presentation of facts. Anecdote enlivens its pages, but every story is pointed. For the first eighteen months of the war, the author was Berlin correspondent of his paper. He attempts to give a reporter's account of "Germany in an epic bid for the dominant political and military position in the world . . . how it lived and how it functioned during the first two years of the war, what the machinery is like which Hitler has at his disposal and what its elements of strength and weakness are."

Mr. Harsch's facts are calculated to dispel wishful thinking about any early and sudden collapse of Nazism. The German armed forces are satisfied; not only are they superbly equipped, but merit alone is rewarded and the last vestiges of a caste system have disappeared. The German people, moreover, are now implicated in Hitler's drive for final victory. Youth and the worker dream of future rewards as members of the master-race in a German-dominated world. But the strongest motive for united effort is negative rather than positive. The German knows that he is hated as no other conqueror of modern times has been, that his country defeated will not be given another chance to rise. This hatred is the reaction to the pattern of conquest imposed—not by the regular army, but by the SS and Gestapo—on countries thus far conquered.

Facts inevitably have implications and unfortunately tempt to conclusions and the imputing of motives. With the latter one need not agree, but they deserve refutation. If in recommending this book the reviewer must express disapproval, it is on account of the gusto with which the author, in a single but extensive section, compares the "mystic authoritarianism" of the two "world theories," Nazism and the Catholic Church.

J. F. MURPHY

SALUD! A SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNAL. By Margaret Cullin Banning. Harper and Bros. \$2.75

WOMEN will like this book with its definitely feminine point of view; even mere men, though they are sure to be amused at its ardor, can profit by reading through its store of information and impression. Mrs. Banning is a zealous apostle of the Good Neighbor Policy and of feminism. She plumps flatly and whole heartedly for both in her *South American Journal*. It is really the account of a crusade.

Accompanied by her daughter Mary, the author visited leading cities in six South American countries, sounding out an appalling number of people in a very short time on Pan-American relations and suffragettism. She confirms the current opinion which looks on South America as a coquette, somewhat wilful and selfish, but desirable withal, who is being courted by both Germany and the United States. Since no engagement has been announced, the author thinks our wooing should be redoubled while there is yet time. The question of the Church's status interests the author as a Catholic and throughout the book she treats various aspects of this situation in loyal, if somewhat defensive, fashion. There are many who will disagree strongly with her choice in international experts which runs to the ubiquitous Gunther and the exhortative Thompson. One reads with approbation her indictment of the baneful Hollywood influence on the brotherhood of the Americas.

As an advocate of feminism, Mrs. Banning found kindred spirits among a few, full-blown, South American suffragettes. But apart from them we are left with the definite impression that the majority of Latin American women are happy in their stubborn domesticity.

RICARDO FERNANDEZ

MY FATHER IS A QUIET MAN. By Tommy Wadelton. Coward-McCann. \$1.50

THREE years ago Col. Wadelton, Mrs. W. and Tommy were an ordinary American Army officer, his wife, Maggie Jeanne, and a son. One day, however, Tommy rode his bike through the brick gates of Fort Oglethorpe over Missionary Ridge, into both the darkness of night and the abrupt arms of the military police. A frantic mother imprisoned the bike in the basement, vowing that only a most notable achievement from the culprit would unite the two.

The night rider, already long addicted to oral and written expression, retaliated by presenting his mother with a check, the result of a story written and sold all in secret and alone to *Country Gentleman*. A negotiated peace restored the bike. A two-week attack of "athlete's foot" occasioned the writing of the book, *My Mother is a Violent Woman*, now in its ninth printing. Tommy's loud fanmail demanded a revelation of the "Quiet Man," his father.

The present book is the result. From apparently innocent questions at unguarded moments, from Fordham Prep School records, and from Columbia College yearbooks, from albums and the insidious connivance of friends, Tommy has unearthed the biography of the man whom he has known only fourteen years, and through it all betrays an enviable, ardent love for his violent mother and quiet father. With the genuine wisdom of childhood he is childlike but never childish. On the few occasions on which he attempts to be funny, he indicates it by the word "joke" in parentheses.

If the reader does not find Tommy a scream, he must at least call him a perpetual tickle. People who think that persons are important and who consider family life worth writing about will enjoy this book and re-read it as often as they did Tommy's first venture in literature.

F. X. DOWNEY

FAMILIAR FACES. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50

IN these short stories Mrs. Rinehart has used many different phases of American life; there are stories of rural life, a boys' school, the home life of a member of the Department of State, the troubles of a businessman whose plants are ruined by sabotage. And the merit of the stories varies as much as their settings.

"The Young Visitor" is an entertaining sketch of an author waiting to hear whether his latest book is acceptable to his publisher. "Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk" is a sympathetic, if somewhat sentimental, study of a successful merchant who takes to the road again for a day and goes through some of the districts he and his wife covered with a pack on their backs when they were young. "The Dog in the Orchard" is by far the

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best story in the book; it is a masterly tale of a dog's revenge on the murderer of his mistress and of the physical and mental disintegration of the murderer.

Some of the stories seem to me below the general level of Mrs. Rinehart's work. "One Night in Spring" is a fantastic yarn of a newspaperman turned detective for the night; "Empire Builders" deals with sixteen-year-old school boys with nine-year-old minds; the heroine of "Lily Comes Home at Last" has been living in France for fifteen years with the husband of another woman, and she finally fakes an attempt at suicide to keep him from going back to his wife; Dorothy, in "Dorothy Dresses for Dinner," is a selfish nit-wit who, because her stateroom is hot and stuffy, opens the port-hole at the risk of causing the ship to be sunk by a submarine. I am glad that the creatures in these last four stories are not familiar faces to me.

MARY L. DUNN

THE OCEAN. By James Hanley. William Morrow and Co. \$2

THE story of *The Ocean* will be nothing new to those who have kept abreast of the news of the war and the tales of hardship and heroism that have resulted from it. We have read of the incredible trek of two soldiers through the desert for nineteen days, and the unbelievable account of men adrift in the open sea. But Mr. Hanley gives a new and artistic story of hardship in an open boat. The ocean that the author has written about is not the vast expanse of unfriendly water that compassed them round about, but the ocean of emotions that seethe and storm, and ebb and flow from the hearts of these five men, wave after wave. His is a psychological narrative of the five survivors of a torpedoed ship, realistically and grippingly told. Mr. Hanley's style is of the short, crisp sentence variety, but sometimes monotonously so.

Curtain, the lone sailor in the boat, is of the heroic mold, but the masterpiece of character description is old Father Michaels. Stone, Benton, and Gaunt are also characters that will not be easily forgotten, but are less deftly drawn. The climactic beauty of the last sentence of the book is somewhat lost by possibility of a double interpretation.

If you care for character novels, you will spend a few delightful hours with the people who brave *The Ocean*.

E. J. FARREN

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN INDIANA 1789-1834. By Thomas T. McAvoy. Columbia University Press. \$2.25

FROM Canada the French brought the Faith to Indiana, and at Vincennes they founded a settlement which became the center of American occupation of the Old Northwest and the nucleus of Catholic life in the State. From the time Father Gibault left Vincennes in 1789 until Bishop Bruté came from Baltimore to survey his newly erected diocese in 1834, the old French settlers in and about Vincennes were often without a priest, poverty stricken, slow to adapt themselves to the changes wrought by American settlers and Government. They quarreled with their pastors, and gradually were outnumbered and superseded in the State by immigrant Irish and German and American Catholic settlers in the State.

Yet, as Father McAvoy, the archivist of the University of Notre Dame, is at some pains to make clear, it was the perseverance in the Faith and the early achievements of the French settlers which gave the Church a great initial advantage and saved other Catholics from some of the nativistic activities of the times. This history has some excellent sketches of the lives of the French refugee priests who kept the Faith alive during this period, as well as valuable information about early Catholic settlements and schools in the State.

This work by Father McAvoy might well serve as a model for a series of histories of the Catholic Church in the States of the Union that would be very valuable.

JAMES A. MACKIN

MUSIC

FROM the hills of Hollywood to the banks of the St. Charles River in Boston, auditoriums, stadiums and fields have been crowded with summer music lovers who have felt an earnest desire for symphony and song.

Let us review their activities during this past summer by embarking on a musical tour.

At the Hollywood Bowl, where in the last twenty years only one concert out of 588 had to be postponed because of bad weather, Bruno Walter and Rodzinski conducted the orchestra, soloists appeared and opera was given. Coming eastward with a stop at Forest Park in St. Louis, the world premiere of *New Orleans*, a Romberg operetta, took place and we find that other old favorites were again staged, *The Merry Widow*, *Bitter Sweet* and *The Desert Song*.

Ravinia on the North Shore of Chicago enjoyed symphonic concerts by such music-makers as Sir Thomas Beecham, Pierre Monteau, Carlos Chavez and Georg Szell. At Interlachen, Michigan, where the National High School Orchestra meets in the summer, a college music division was formed and Paul Whiteman was engaged to give jazz a more important place in young American life.

Summertime music in Washington has always been a problem. Government workers clamor for "Sunset Symphonies" on the banks of the Potomac below the Lincoln Memorial, but Uncle Sam cannot seem to find a way to pay for them. These concerts, directed by Hans Kindler, should find support, for it is his leadership that has kept the National Symphony together.

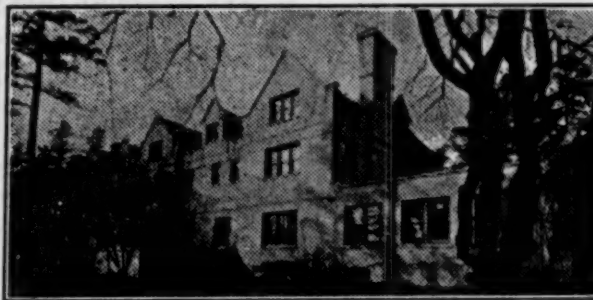
In Boston, the new Hatch Memorial shed houses the "Pop" concerts. Here, during July, Arthur Fiedler conducted twenty-four free (and solo-less) Esplanade concerts. At the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, where Dr. Serge Koussevitsky conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra, one found performances of such supreme distinction and finish that it would be impossible to compare them with those of any other summer organization in the United States.

And now we have arrived at the Lewisohn Stadium concerts in New York City, managed by Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer. They were started in 1918 as an experiment in light music to entertain the soldiers and sailors from nearby camps, and again this past summer soldiers were admitted without charge on Saturday and Sunday nights. This year's session ended the week of August 13. Eleven concerts were canceled because of rain and eleven different conductors stood upon the podium. Hans Wilhelm Steinberg and Reginald Stewart, who recently resigned as leader of the Toronto Symphony, were new to these audiences and were generally considered to have turned in the best performances.

Several mediocre conductors were engaged this past summer by the Stadium management. Rodzinski opened the series with one engagement. Why should he conduct for one night only? Fritz Reiner of the Pittsburgh Symphony, a superlative conductor, was available. Alfred Wallenstein, with a tremendous radio following would be a drawing card, but no—mediocrity was engaged.

It is also felt that in order to give real performances the New York Philharmonic should not have the rehearsal problem that now exists. It should rehearse for these concerts as it rehearses for its winter season in Carnegie Hall. Here they have five rehearsals for four weekly concerts while at the Stadium they play seven concerts a week with four rehearsals. The result is a half-cooked musical dish which is indigestible to the public and unfair to the orchestra.

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THEATRE

BROADWAY'S VARIED PLANS. There has rarely, if ever, been a season in which the theatrical promise surpassed this one. Every day brings the announcement of new plays and musical revues to be put on almost immediately. Thus far twelve new productions have been announced for the month of September. Only the most optimistic theatregoer will expect them all; but they certainly make an impressive list, and I personally am sanguine enough to expect the majority of them to make their appearance.

At present, public interest seems to be centering in John Golden's production of *Theatre*, by Somerset Maugham and Guy Bolton, with Cornelia Otis Skinner as the star. The strong interest in this announcement is very natural. For several years past, Miss Skinner has been offering the best monolog program on the American theatrical stage, not even excepting Ruth Draper's. She has shown an amazing brilliancy, variety, originality and resourcefulness in her specialties.

Throughout this period strong efforts have been made by leading producers to lure Miss Skinner before the public as the star of a full-sized monolog-drama, but she has stuck to her last, which she developed to a point reached by no other monologist and in which she has won a great following.

All the time, however, she has realized that sooner or later she must respond to that imperative call for a full-length play, which, incidentally, was echoed in her own ambitious heart. She very wisely waited until she was sure she had found the right play. *Theatre* seems to be it. It had a brief out-of-town tryout last spring and is now scheduled for an early November opening in New York.

George Abbott is rehearsing a new musical comedy which was originally titled *Young Man's Fancy*. As some one else is using this title, and used it first, Mr. Abbott is changing his title. That's a pity, for it was a good one. The musical comedy is said to be good, too.

Another musical offering, which is to be given to New York early in October, is *Let's Face It*. Dorothy Fox and Charles Walters are staging the dances which are said to be not only numerous but brilliant, original, and very beautiful in effect.

One of September's dozen new productions, now scheduled to open on September 8, bears the brave title, *The Wokey*—brave because it is so unintriguing.

John Meehan, who has been away from us twelve years too long, has finally decided to return to New York in October with an offering he describes as a comedy and has titled *Friend for a Nickle*. In it he plans to star Chester Morris, better known in the films than on the stage.

The producers of *Viva O'Brien*, another new musical offering which is expected to open in New York in late September, have now confided to the public that its novel feature will be a huge swimming tank on the stage, of a size we haven't seen since the days of the Hippodrome. The mermaids of the Hippodrome were among the biggest attractions of their day, and a revival of such attractions will be welcomed by all theatre-goers who remember them.

Most producers with a success on their hands, such as *It Happens On Ice*, would sink into a state of restful contentment and take their minds off ice for a while. Not so Arthur Wirtz of the Center Theatre. *It Happens On Ice* is now playing to weekly audiences of around twenty thousand, beating all other Broadway productions. Nevertheless, Mr. Wirtz is not satisfied. Instead of lying down and taking naps and dreaming of gold he is already planning a new Ice Show at the Center. He'd better leave well enough alone!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE STORY OF THE VATICAN. It is appropriate that the first film to keynote world peace since the barrage of war propaganda began should be the story of Vatican City, holding the allegiance of a thousand citizens and over three hundred million souls. This detailed survey by *The March of Time* suggests the *amende honorable* by an editorial film series which has often enough been out of tune with religion in general and Catholicism in particular, and both the selection of subjects and the commentary, eloquently spoken by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, combine reportorial thoroughness with reverence and historical insight. The Vatican, despite its links to the past, dating to the pontificate of Peter, and its acceptance of the best in the present, with its modern radio station, its post office and industrial plants, is neither old nor new but always contemporary. Today, the Papacy, hemmed in by physical dictatorship, preserves religion and morals along with a free press and the advances of science and culture, and its universal mission is graphically shown in the administration of its spiritual and temporal offices. Highlights from the critical career of His Holiness, Pius XII, are in sobering contrast to the glory of art and architecture which testify to the Church's good stewardship of the masterworks of pagan and Christian culture. For Catholics, this is an unrivaled opportunity to learn about the geographic center of their Faith; for others, the commentary will settle the dust on many hoary bugaboos. (RKO)

DIVE BOMBER. Although this technicolored film is an admirable tribute to the flight surgeons of the Navy, the slight story is so inextricably bound up with technical exposition that it often becomes a drama of machines rather than men, and suffers lapses of interest for all but the mechanically curious. Michael Curtiz has made the mistake of multiplying climaxes, and most of them are repetitious. A Navy doctor qualifies as a flight surgeon over suspicions about his medical judgment, and goes on to eliminate diving "blackout" and invent a suit to overcome the ill effects of stratosphere flying. The latter device is proved at the cost of his life by one of the doctor's former critics. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey are convincing idealists. An incidental cynicism about marriage, evident in the comedy of Allen Jenkins, is fairly lost in a lengthy picture stressing ideals and only casually referring to the present war. For aviation enthusiasts, this is good entertainment, but for general audiences it drops several degrees. (Warner)

SUN VALLEY SERENADE. The refugee situation is investigated for humor in this sprightly musical comedy built on a formula in which novelty is a non-essential. A member of an obscure band applies for a refugee as a publicity stunt and is presented with an unexpectedly mature Norwegian girl who proceeds to complicate his life to the point of marriage. Sonja Henie is excellent throughout, and the skiing and skating scenes are strikingly photographed. John Payne, Lynn Bari, Milton Berle and Glenn Miller's band add to a standard, satisfactory entertainment for adults lightly composed by H. Bruce Humberstone. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THREE SONS O' GUNS. This is not the most amusing of a probable plethora of films using the draft theme, being a domestic farce which often strains for laughs. Ben Stoloff's direction is unrestrained in relating the salvation of three shiftless sons by army discipline, and Wayne Morris, Tom Brown and William Orr are victims of an extravagant script. Irene Rich and Marjorie Rambeau are more fortunate, but this is only mild family diversion. (Warner) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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EVENTS

INSTANCES of outstanding efficiency and inefficiency appeared. . . . In 1929, a New Jersey man released six homing pigeons. In 1941, one of the six returned. The man became a canary breeder. . . . Inefficiency started a fire in a Kansas City basement. The Fire Department report read: "Cause of fire: looking for gas leak with match—found it." . . . Referring to women's low-brimmed hats which cover one eye, the Philadelphia County Medical Society expressed doubt that traffic safety was enhanced when women drivers wore such millinery. The Society saw a lack of cooperation between hat designers who are trying to lower driver vision and auto engineers who are trying to raise it. . . . In Allentown, Pa., delegates sat down to a big convention dinner. While they consumed fruit-cup and soup, a fire in the kitchen consumed the main course. Speeches, ice cream, coffee followed. . . .

The amount of efficient resourcefulness was consoling. . . . A West Orange, N. J., official ordered the town's garbage collectors not to burst into song between midnight and six A.M. . . . A "Symphony in D for the Brooklyn Dodgers," was composed. . . . A suspect in New York was seen to swallow policy slips encased in a gelatin capsule. The judge ruled that there was "evidence of evidence." . . . Another defendant swallowed a hundred-dollar bill. The bench advised him to "cough it up." . . . In Pasadena, an ex-cowpuncher lassoed a fish. . . . A Newark landlord, claiming that all he wanted was "more reasonable much more gwtter that we could stay in our own haus and have little of sliping in nights," wrote to a high Jersey official a letter of complaint against one of his tenants, a tavern keeper. The latter, the landlord said, disturbed his rest by "meni yung womens skriming all nights and other horoble to much nois." He wrote to the higher official, the landlord said, because complaints to lower authorities had convinced him the tenant "had very good paletision pull in town," and continued doing "eniting he pleases, making nuisances eni time." The letter concluded: "I am his landlord, and I living myself over the salone and one more famely living hir. One time famely moving out be course it is horoble to much nois late almost every nights. He is to much and smart. Please you teaching him how to run the tavern place."

A totally different type of efficiency was brought to light by a letter to this column from a California hotel owner. It follows: "Your taxi drivers are not the only astonishingly informed people one meets. While at the beach near Oceanside I was a guest of Mr. ———'s hostelry. Came Friday and I told the blonde viking waitress I was a fish eater, and what to do. Whereupon most tactfully and graciously I am informed: 1. That she assumed that I worked hard, therefore I came under the working-man's indult and could have meat. 2. That being a traveler I was exempt from fish, etc. By that time, I was so flabbergasted that I waived all constitutional rights and inquired if she were Catholic. When the reply was negative, I couldn't help but wonder (being a hotel man) how many Catholic waiters and waitresses knew the answers. I asked where she had learned all this. 'From friends,' came the alert reply. Yours for better and brighter people who serve the public and who might include a proportionate share of 'Papists.'". . . Although not altogether accurate in her moral theology, this waitress was certainly trying hard to be efficient. A Catholic, ordering his Friday dinner and encountering a waitress, not of the Faith, who brings up the question of the working-man's indult and the possibility of concessions to a traveler, must necessarily feel that he is in the presence of a new high in service.

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